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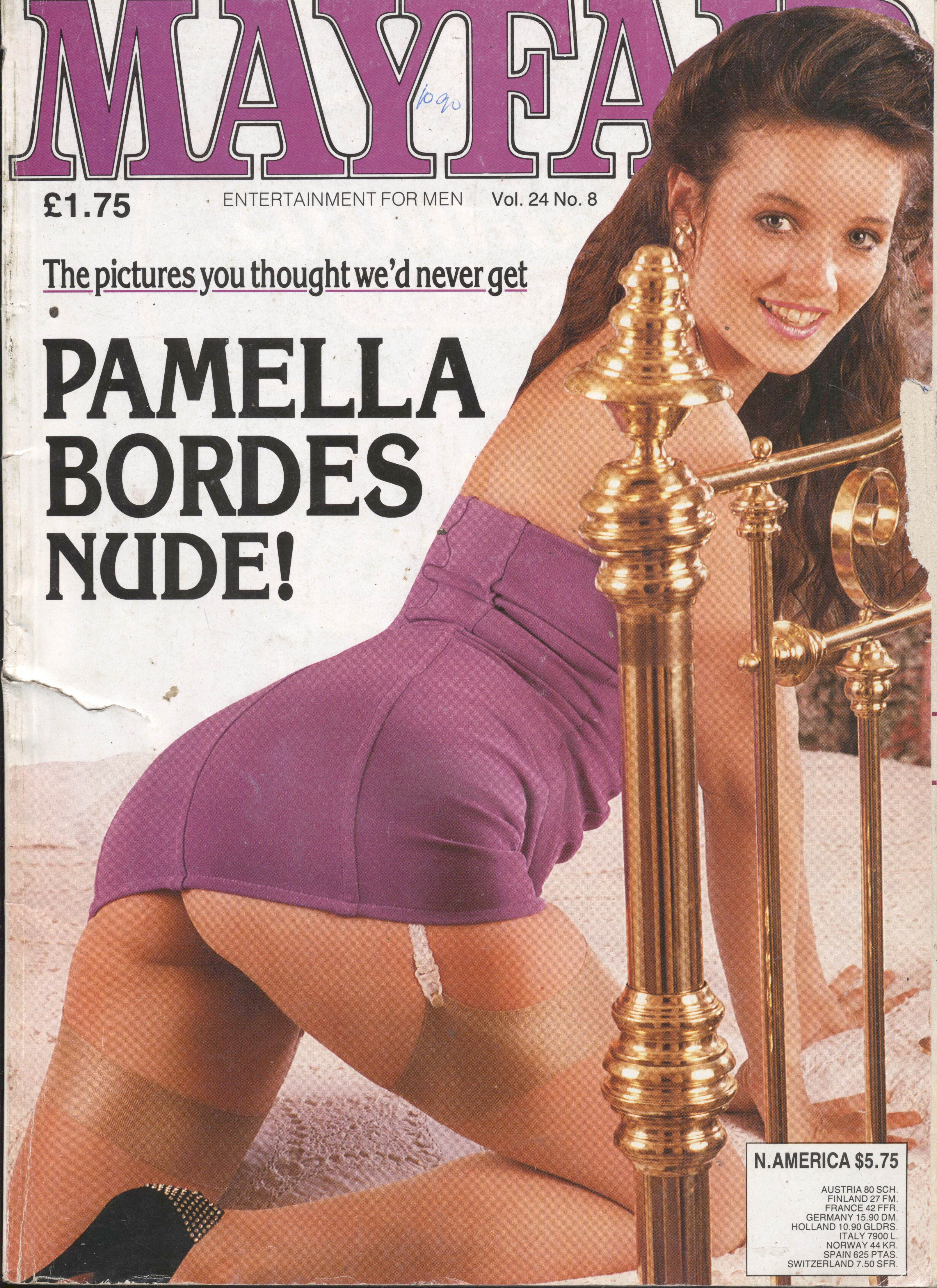

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Bottoms up down the pub with our bevy of the barest bar-maids around

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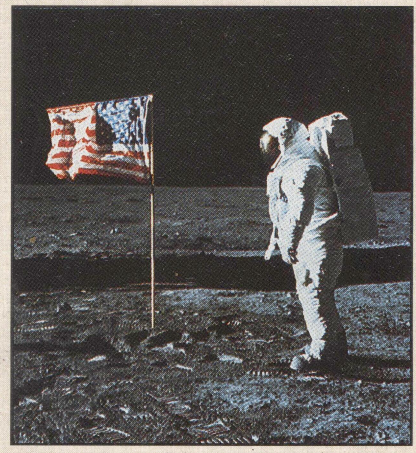
It is now 20 years since Neil Armstrong made history with his 'One small step for Man . . ' onto the surface of the Moon. We celebrate the event this month



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The mid-engine GT 40 won Le Mans for Ford in 1966, its 164 mph made it the envy of all

COVER GIRL

9

A big Happy birthday to our cover girl, South-West London born Marlyn Lindsay, who is 20 this month. Only a chance meeting with a photo-grapher brought 34D-24-35 inch Marlyn to our pages this issue and ensured that her glamour modelling debut made it a double celebration for her

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Sarah Buck** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N.

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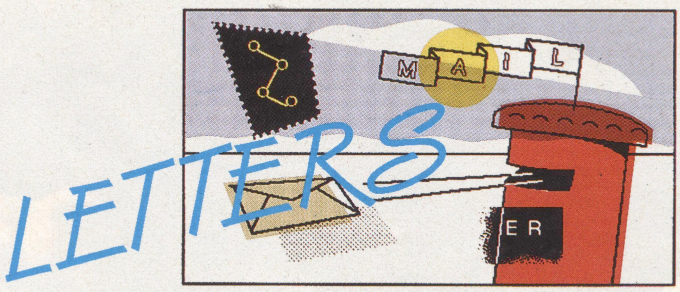


We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Favourite threesome

Although there are girls I fancy more than others, I have no special type, and therefore always find enticing girls in every issue of *Mayfair*. Here in Scandinavia, one says that a girl's body consists of the three B's — (bryster, bak, and ben) or in English terms, breasts, bottom and legs. In Vol 23 No 5 there were three gorgeous girls. Miss Berenice Outram you have shown us before, and you could well do it again. She looks very enticing on page 52, and fully nude on pages 56 and 57. I have only one criticism though. She should have posed in bare feet rather than in those uncharming socks.

Helen Bradhaw's Bs are really fantastic but we could have seen more of her lovely posterior. She could compensate for that by returning in a centre page spread. Her gorgeous smile showed she enjoyed doing the pictures.

Danielle Barrault is unconventional, yes. Her freckles are really charming, and she had a lovely smiling face.

One girl I would like to see in the magazine is TV-actress Glynis Barber from *Dempsey and Makepeace*. She has a beautiful face, and from what we have seen of her in party dresses and underwear, she would make an excellent set in *Mayfair*.

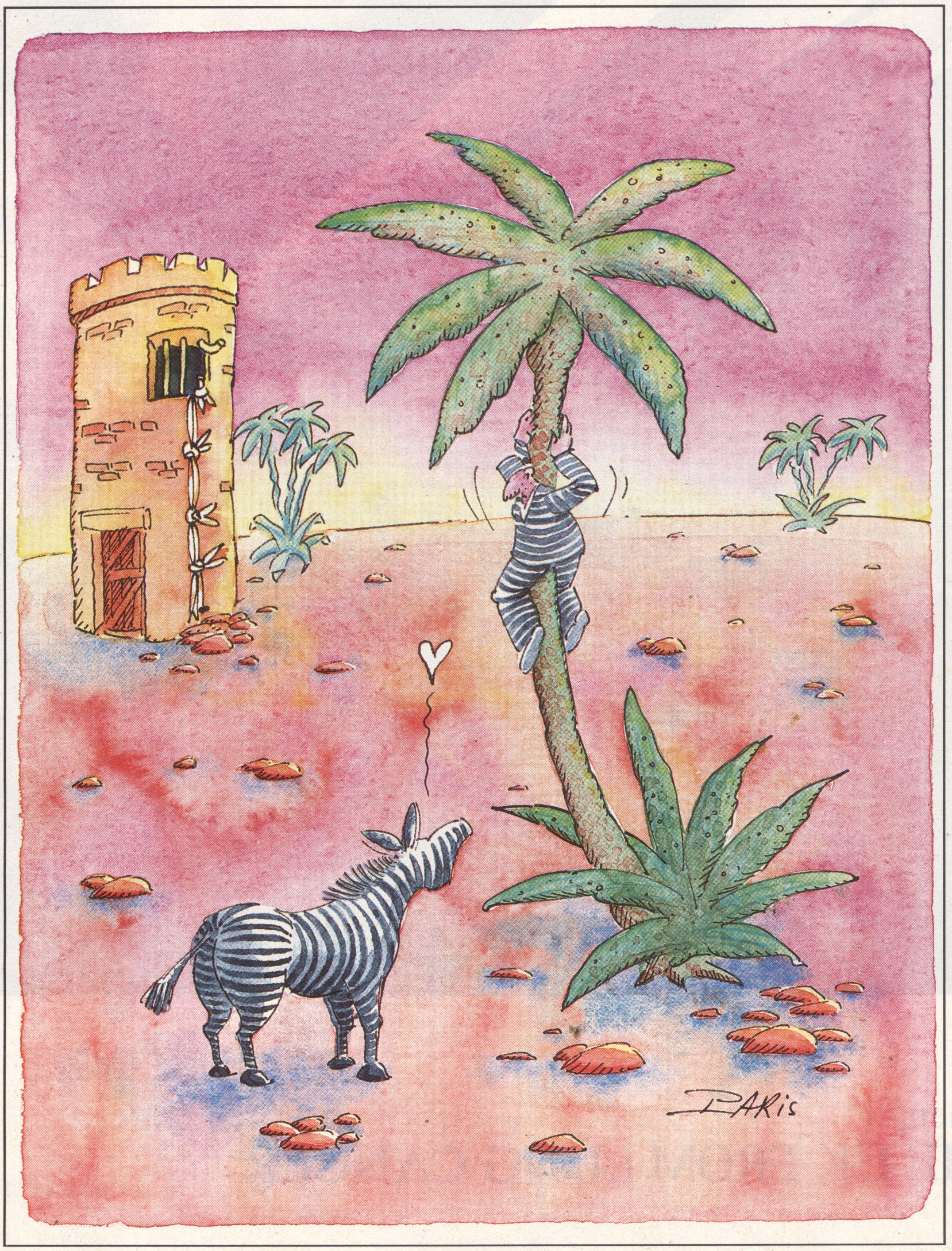
TA, Oslo

Shaven image

As an American reader, this is to say thank you for a tastefully photographic magazine in which your models are youthful, pretty, shapely and classy, and *very* erotic. I refer, in particular, to the pictures of Susannah Rushmore *Vol 24 No 5*.

Her stunning looks gave me quite a jolt, but what definitely caught my attention was her 'clean shaven' appearance. It really gave new meaning to the layout without resorting to the gynaecological techniques of hardcore magazines. Please show more of your models with a clean shaven approach. I think there are a lot of women today who are sporting such a look, and *Mayfair* is the one magazine who can feataure it tastefully.

PML. Garland, Texas



Fringe benefit

Although I find ladies with shaven pubic areas very sexy (Susannah Rushmore *Vol 24 No 5* being a prime example), in my opinion a lady with carefully groomed public hair is much more of a turn on.

I've actually been out with a girl who took great pride in the grooming of her pubic region. On our first date which happened to be on a hot summer night, she picked me up in her car, and we drove to the river hoping to hire out a rowing boat for the evening.

She looked fabulous in a short black mini skirt, and flimsy cotton top, so fabulous in fact that I couldn't take my eyes off her slim beautiful legs, especially when she tried to clamber onto a boat moored to a flimsy wooden jetty.

With me guiding her from behind, her legs were wobbling like jelly until she finally managed to seat herself precariously at the front of the boat.

After acting the gentleman, and rowing the boat on my own for half an hour, my girlfriend agreed to give it a go, even though she admitted she was hardly dressed for the task.

As I laid back, and relaxed, I couldn't help noticing that with each stroke of the oar, my girlfriend's skirt was slowly beginning to ride up her legs. By

turn to page 8

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Did you miss 38D teenager Zoe Lee who bust into Vol 21 No 12? Then get a back number. Order from the list below or buy our £5 five-pack: Vol 21 Nos 1, 4, 6, 9 and 12.

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LETTERS

continued from page 6
this time she had hardly noticed because she was obviously enjoying the rowing too much. As she began to tire, her legs started to splay, and before she knew it, I had a perfect view of her taut cotton panties. What fascinated me the most was the fact that a distinct neat fringe of pubic hair could be seen emerging on either side of her panties.
I didn't mention it at the time, but as the weeks passed, and we grew closer, I was able to enjoy a lot of close petting with her, and noticed that her pubic hair was carefully parted in the centre.
She told me that she regularly cut her pubic region, and combed it at least once a day, and completed the job with a swift covering of hair spray. When I asked her why she took so much care, she replied, 'I'm a lady who likes to feel groomed all over.' How's that for a turn on.
CH. York

Sure you haven't been going out with a race horse.

French fancy

France has always held a great attraction for me, even though I have lived in England for most of my life. For this reason I took great interest in reading your feature in Vol 24 No 7 on the French revolution. What made me laugh though was our Prime Minister being interviewed on French television about the historical uprising. When the interviewer explained that France was the first country to bring about the declaration of human rights, Mrs Thatcher vigorously explained that Britain had beaten France to it many years earlier with the Magna Carta.
But one thing I do know, that France betters Britain in, and that is their women.
They are so romantic and stylish, they leave British women behind. So it's viva La France for me.
GK, Taunton

Erotic taboo

I am writing to extol the earthy sensuality of women who let their body hairs grow, particularly armpit and nipple hairs.
My wife, Patti, has large nipples surrounded by dark hairs. I have seen very few women in person who have nipple hairs, and it is perhaps for that reason that I find Patti's so sexy.
Are nipple hairs the last forbidden fruit? Are men's magazine publishers like yourself still pretending they don't exist? Is there some reason why we never see photos of naked women with nipple hairs? If you had a prospective model who had hairs surrounding her nipples, would you not publish her photos because of that? Or would you disguise them with make-up?
As you can see, I don't take this subject lightly since this is one part of my wife I find intensely erotic. Only one other man, other than medical doctors, have seen my wife's hair-fringed nipples. The lucky guy was not a boyfriend, but a total stranger who picked her up in an airport while she was on a stop-over. The way she tells the story, he took her to his parked van, and after kissing and hugging for some time, lifted her shirt and bra, exposing her breasts to the night air. She said he was amazed by her big, dark nipples, and their circles of hair, but he still had a wonderful time playing with, fondling and, sucking them. She said he liked flicking her nipples with his fingers and tongue.
I can't help but believe other men have wives and girlfriends with hairs on their nipples. I'm sure others would enjoy looking at women who are gifted in this respect. Surely you can find some attractive women with nipples like this who would love to show us.
KD, Massachusetts

Disco display

I was in the RAF in Germany and, one night, as usual, I found myself dragged down the local disco by a couple of my mates — Dave and Kev.
I had learnt from experience that German frauleins don't seem particularly inclined to come over for Servicemen. None of us, then, were expecting any real action.
Nevertheless, I couldn't help noticing two girls sitting in the corner of the disco. They were both obviously German birds, but they were absolutely stunning.
The disco didn't close until 6 am but, as the night went on, the majority of people started to drift away. Pretty soon there was only three couples, myself, my mates and these two girls left, still sat on their own in the corner.
Despite myself I kept glancing in
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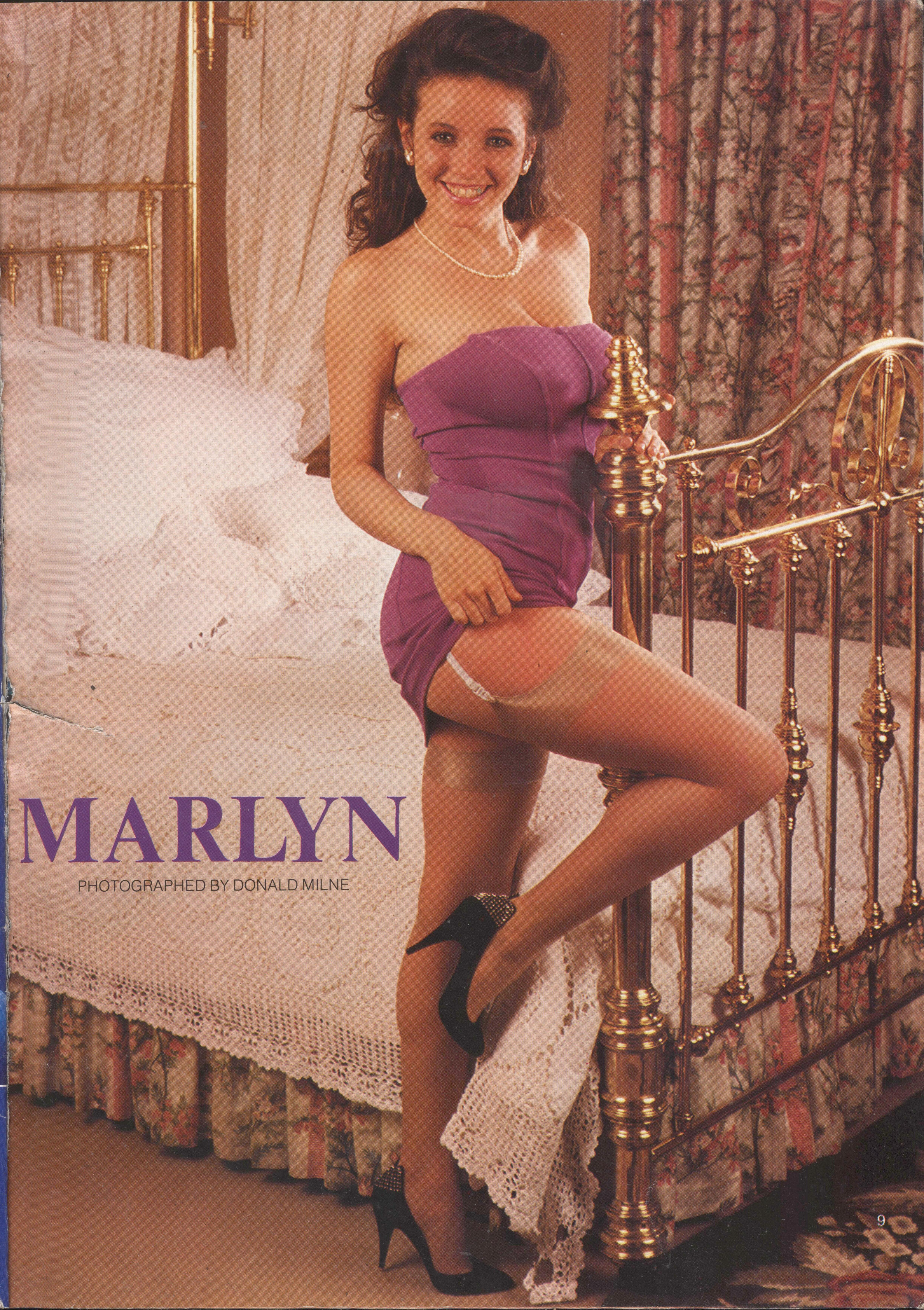


MARLYN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

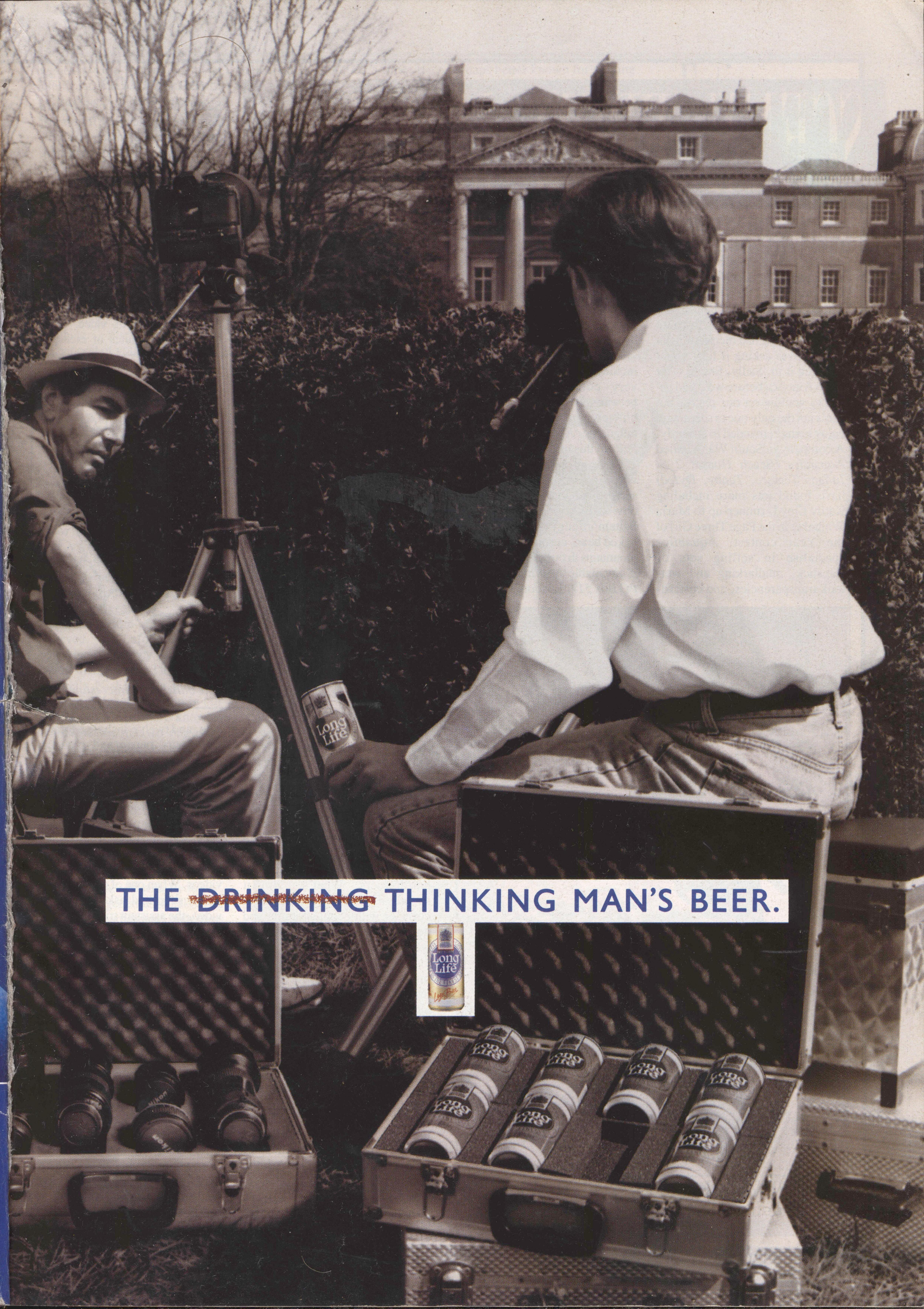
Treasure these pictures, they capture the end of Marlyn Lindsay's teens. As of the 11th of this month she says goodbye to childish things and becomes a grown-up at the ripe old age of 20. Still she's celebrating with her modelling debut.

Born and bred in Battersea, South-West London, 34D-24-35 inch Marlyn left Mayfield girl's school in Putney at the age of 15. From there she 'drifted' into secretarial work, but its appeal soon wore thin. After three months she fled shorthand and dictation.

More recently, a chance meeting with a photographer offered her her big break into modelling and a chance to fulfil her ambition: to be the new Linda Lusardi. For Marlyn, modelling is a natural extension of her personality: 'I love being the centre of attention,' she says. 'It's probably because I'm a Leo. We're all a bit like that. We love to be flattered.' Apart from that, she has few vices — she doesn't drink or smoke.

She is a devotee of the Acid House cult and can often be found dancing the night away at those dreaded all-night parties held just off the M25 orbital motorway. But, on the odd night when one can't be found, she is content to settle down with a Harold Robbins novel, or anything not by Jackie Collins. 'I've just finished reading *The Betsy*,' she says, 'I quite enjoyed that, but I don't like books which are rude.'

Marlyn confesses to having a 'weird' taste in men. 'I'm not fussy,' she says, 'I like tall men, short men, blonde men and dark men. As long as they are good fun and have a big heart, they're okay by me. Only if they are not too flash that is.' Surprisingly the other great love of Marlyn's life is sewing, quite useful now she works in a clothes shop. It wouldn't be embroidering the truth to say she's seldom away from her trusty sewing machine. We prefer her without a stitch.


THE ~~DRINKING~~ THINKING MAN'S BEER.
Long Life

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Mess-dressed girls

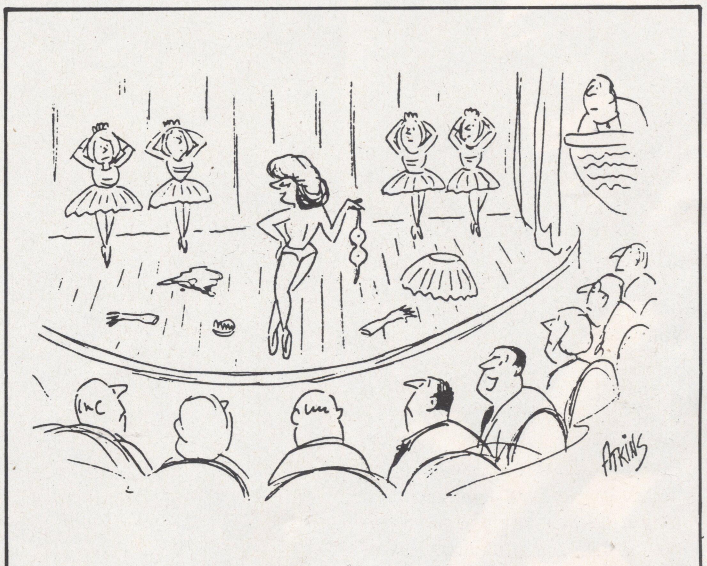
Long-standing *Mayfair* readers may well recall the stir caused by a letter from Sheila of Gloucester a few years back. Her love of being bathed in baked beans, pelted with pies and massaged with mud before bonking had men writing in their droves asking if they could help rub it in. Sadly, Sheila went off to America before we could get her to wallow on our pages, but she's not the only one to seemingly enjoy being remanded in custardy. A company in South Wales called *Aquantics (Beach House, 2 St Julians Terrace, Tenby, Dyfed)* have found lots more including Kathy Lloyd, runner-up to Maria Whittaker in the Page Three Girl of the Year contest. *Aquantics* specialise in selling sets of slapstick, mudlarking and wet-look transparencies, and custard-covered Kathy is just one of their 'victims'. The best reception though, they tell us, has been for a wedding set where the bride and bridesmaid get a great deal more than a slice of cake! Fans of the girls from the brownstuff might like to know that they also offer a video (called *WSM 1*) for £32 including a genuine outdoor and very cold-looking mud fight between two hitchhikers and a policewoman. And there's a magazine. Appropriately entitled *Splosh!* this includes a look-back at *Tiswas*, an invitation to go mud wrestling in Essex and a colour section devoted to two girls obviously trying to use up all Britain's dodgy eggs and the EEC baked bean, custard and spaghetti mountains in one go! Priced £6.50, it's available by writing to *Splosh!, PO Box 517, London, SE23 3UY.*

Aint she sweet? It's gooey-eyed Kathy Lloyd who's been coated in custard for *Aquantics*.

Sam's long player

Have you heard Samantha Fox's latest album? It has no beat, you can't dance to it, and Sam displays no talent for music in it at all. That's because the pop-up model turned pop star's latest offering on vinyl is not of her singing, but something she finds much harder — talking. The whole LP is devoted to a lengthy interview which might tax the attention span of even her most loyal fan. Rather than baffle her with a Robin Day-style inquisition, the interviewer settles for a cosy conversation with all the profundity of the chat you have with the shampooist at the hairdressers. What's more it sounds as if was recorded in a corridor with people coming and going, chatting and coughing, whilst Sam witters on about her life and music. The truly obsessed might like to know that there are no less than three Sam interview albums to choose from, as well as one with *Mayfair* star Sabrina, and a conversation with Linda Lusardi, conducted entirely on the telephone. None will win a coveted BRIT award, but they do have one major selling point. The albums are picture discs with 12 inch topless shots of Sam and Linda, and slightly subtler ones of Sabrina, on either side of the record.

Interview Pictures Discs, produced by Arabesque Ltd, are available in record shops and cost £4.99 each.



'She certainly knows how to make the ballet more interesting.'

Even more CD

Sadly Sam, Sabrina and Linda are not yet available on the format that might have been made for them. High-flying hi-fi buffs are rushing out to buy the next stage in home music technology. It's the video compact disc — five, eight or twelve inches packed with both music and pictures. For £500 you can buy a special player that plugs into your TV and hi-fi so you can both watch and listen to your favourite CD at the same time. Five inchers contain 20 minutes of music and six of video, eight inchers 20 minutes of each per side, and twelve-inchers a total of two hours music and pictures. Prices range from £5 to £25. Polygram, the first company to start marketing video CDs offer a remarkable range already — everything from Pavarotti to Pepsi and Shirley. The only thing they've got wrong is the name. They insist on calling them CD videos. When one of our staff went into a shop and asked for a CD video, the assistant tried to sell him something from under the counter . . . (seedy get it?)

Bald facts

Bad news for any readers whose hairline is receding faster than the tide at Weston (and there are 8,000,000 of you in Britain alone). Bald men not only look older but are less assertive, less attractive and less likely to be successful in their careers, according to a recent American survey. That was the result when volunteers were asked to assess the characters of men from photographs, 50 per cent of whom were well-thatched on top whilst the others had shiny domes. In all but one of the categories, the hard-tops came out worse — the only consolation being that the

eggheads were considered more intelligent. But before you baldly go rushing off for some hair-brained solution like taking hormones, Dr Tony Mitchell says that they can adversely affect your sex drive and aren't worth the risk. There are just three cures. Firstly a lotion which works in about a third of cases. Secondly a transplant which is irreversible even if it goes wrong. And thirdly coming to terms with it and learning to love your shining scalp. Bruce Forsyth-style toupees aren't even given a mention. And before you smug youngsters start laughing... scientists say almost 40 per cent of you will be getting thin on top (and probably fat around the bottom) by the time you're 35.

A generous streak?

What would you do if you had £100,000? Buy a new house? Keep it in the bank? Or give it to the first girl you see running naked across a cricket pitch? If the answer is one of the first two, congratulations — you are a normal sane human being. If it is the third you are probably the perfect person to become a member of the staff of *Penthouse* magazine.

For if the tabloid press are to be believed, the aforementioned magazine was happy to part with no less than 100 grand for pictures of Sheila Nichols, the girl who streaked at Lords (as seen in our Vol 24 No 6). Now we know as well as the next man (so long as the next man isn't a regular *Sun* reader) that our colleagues in newspapers are prone to Wapping exaggerations, but rarely do they tell total falsehoods. Which seems to suggest that somebody at *Penthouse's* dockland emporium actually suggested that they would offer Sheila £100,000 to model in their magazine. So what? you say. It's just their generous streak. Well not exactly. Ludicrously high sums like that are just what gives magazines like ours a bad name — some might even argue that it's tantamount to bribing the girl into modelling for our type of magazine. It also gives newcomers a totally distorted idea of what income they can expect from posing for photographers. We know of nobody in this country who has ever been paid £100,000 to model for a magazine — or even £10,000 for that matter — and rightly so. Mention of such large sums only serves to get the magazine's name in the papers — free but unnecessary publicity. Stop it, you're making us all look like pimps and spivs. (Unless that is, of course, *Penthouse* pay all their models £100,000 a time. If so, we'd be happy to publish one of their invoices with an apology.

Winters' autumn

Shelley Winters, who was once one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars and is now perhaps better known for playing the big Jewish mama in *The Poseidon Adventure*, is refreshingly frank about her autumn years. When asked her age recently, she replied matter-of-factly, 'Listen honey, let's just say that I reached the age of consent about 65,000 consents ago...'

Eating out

Brian O'Hanlon

We are our own worst enemies, at times, when the subject of Cuisine

Oh! Oh! Heaven for fans of Bond bomshells is a new large format paperback, *The James Bond Girls* (Boxtree price £7.95) Packed with colour pictures of pussy galore from all the films (including Madelaine Smith, seen above with Roger Moore), you'll be shaken and stirred.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Anglaise is aired. We have got to a stage of believing our own worst publicity. You know the sort of thing. . . fish & chips smashed with ketchup, cremated roast beef with soggy 'Yorkshire', rock hard roast potatoes,and waterlogged greens. I little wonder that English cooking has become a set joke in North America and Europe.

I have been to three places over the last months which give the big lie to all that, and they are all in the City of London. **Smithfield's, Bow Wine Vaults,** and **Farringdon's.** I will start with *Farringdon's* because it was where I had my most enjoyable meal of 1988, one grey Autumn day last October.

£6.95-worth of Old English stew with dumplings, in a marvellous Bisto brown, treacle-thick sauce. The dumplings were suety in the English fashion, so different from the traditional German knödel. The gravy sauce was pockmarked with button mushrooms and onions, and with such rich fare we decided to match it with *Faustino 1*, a Spanish Gran Reserva of 1981, costing £12.50. We even had a monster single portion of chips on a side bowl — not on a side plate — as well. And all that after opening salvoes of black pudding and bacon on marjoram toast (£3.15), and Egg Farringdon (£2.95); poached on a spinach bed, with a lovely gratin sauce.

True English restaurants have puds, even in these health conscious days after Edwina Currie finger wagged her way around the realm, abjuring us to eat less goo. I ploughed into the Pudding Of The Day; sponge cake smashed with strawberry jam (£2.45). My colleague did equal justice to his Cambridgeshire Burnt Cream (£2.65); an amazing concoction of egg yolks, cream, and liqueur, baked with Demerara sugar, browned under the grill, and fridge-chilled!

For those people really in the eating mood *Farringdon's* offers England's Finest Pudding: Large steak, kidney, and oyster for two people at £14, and there is an amazing Dickens cartoon under the item on the card showing 'Bristow' of the *Evening Standard*, and a rather fat, female, companion, tucking in.

Farringdon's is under Holborn Viaduct (literally). It has a wine bar on the entrance floor, and bare tables, wooden chairs, flagstone floors and sawdust in the restaurant below. The address is *41 Farringdon St, EC4. (01) 236 3663.*

I enjoyed the similar ambience of *Smithfield's* nearly as much, as I lunched in the back of a vault facing the two young cooks in the open-plan kitchen. It is a traditional ale and chop house, with a charcoal grill and spit roast, and is situated by Smithfield market. The restaurant is set in original brick cellars, lit by lanterns.

'Sorry, sir, the soufflé isn't meant to explode.'

Old English restaurants always offer equal choice of hot and cold starters. Billingsgate Prawns (taken from fresh water), potted shrimps, smoked salmon, and avocado with cream cheese filling, were matched on this card with the soups, including crab with cream & brandy (£2.65). The chicken livers wrapped in bacon, and cooked over the charcoal grill (£2.65), were succulent in the Victorian. *Tom Brown's Schooldays,* tradition. They tasted of midnight feasts in the dorm with greasy fingers. The Stilton deep fried cheese rolls with melon balls and port sauce were a shade more hedonistic, as were the assorted sliced sausages, which I did enjoy so much, at £2,95 for a small portion, and £5.65 as a main.

Chateaubriand for two, £20; rack of lamb, £17.50. Single person offers on the main list have an excellent 8 oz steak tartare at £9.75, a Smithfield Sirloin (£9.85), and an £8.95 mixed grill, combining, steak, chops, belly of pork, 'and anything else chef likes to add', said the menu.

What was also added in a box at the bottom of the card, was that chef is happy to cut larger steaks with price according to weight.

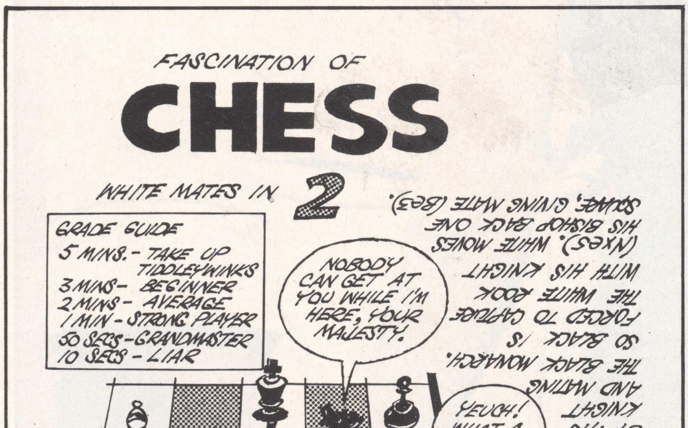
The final lie to the English being culinary nihilists is given at Smithfield's when one is invited to try their special sauces and butters of mixed herbs, garlic butter, barbecue or blue cheese sauce. And they put the sauce on the table for you to help yourself, which most French restaurants do not!

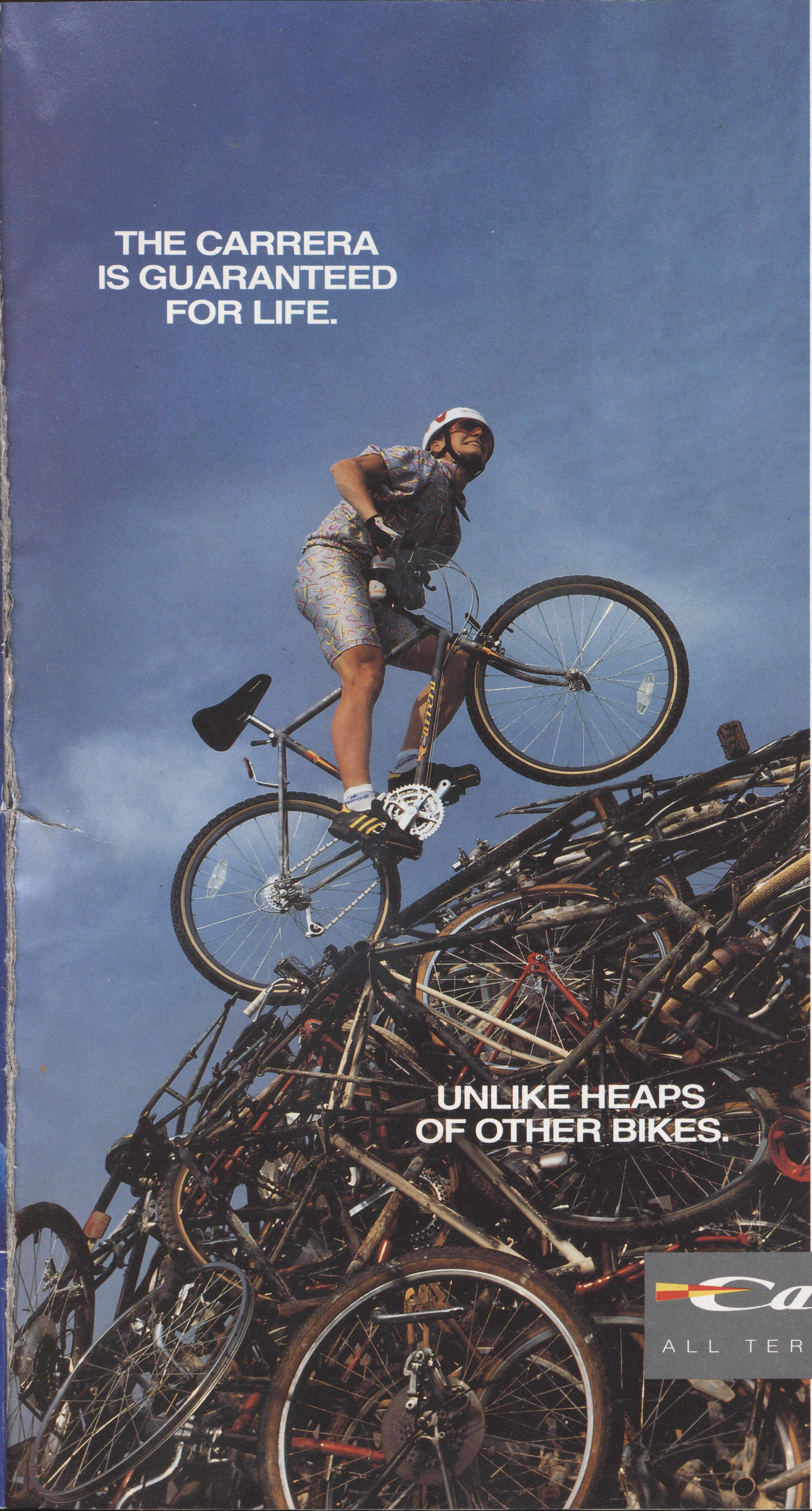
Smithfield's is at *334/338, Central Markets, Farringdon St, London EC1. (01) 236 2690.*

Philip Lawless had the Midas touch. He has recently opened *The Bow Wine Vaults* in the City as a purely English offshoot. Like *Smithfield's* and *Farringdon's* it is deliberately un-chic in appearance, with an artfully contrived gravitas that works wonders. The menu and wine list change every day. The card is confined to ten starters and eleven mains, with eight puds. Chilled papaya (£3.50) filled with prawns, grapes, and orange dressing, is fun and tasty, but I thought the breast of chicken with madeira and thyme (£6.25), and the lovely large, fresh and fleshy lemon sole (£6.50), first class. There is also a cold table of roast beef, smoked turkey, and salads, at £3.95; homemade 'burgers (£6.25), with special herbs, to be followed by homemade ice cream bombe with butterscotch sauce, hot plum tart, and other things from the schoolboys' tuck shop, at £1.50.

Bow Wine Vaults is at *10, Bow Churchyard, London, EC4. (01) 248 1121.*

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.





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Main picture: Earthrise as seen from lunar orbit. Left: Buzz Aldrin on the moon during the Apollo 11 mission. Above: One of those first footsteps imprinted on the surface.

Twenty years ago this month, Neil Armstrong climbed down a few metal steps, and placed his right foot on the surface of the moon. In the two decades that have followed nothing has superseded it as the most momentous happening in the history of man

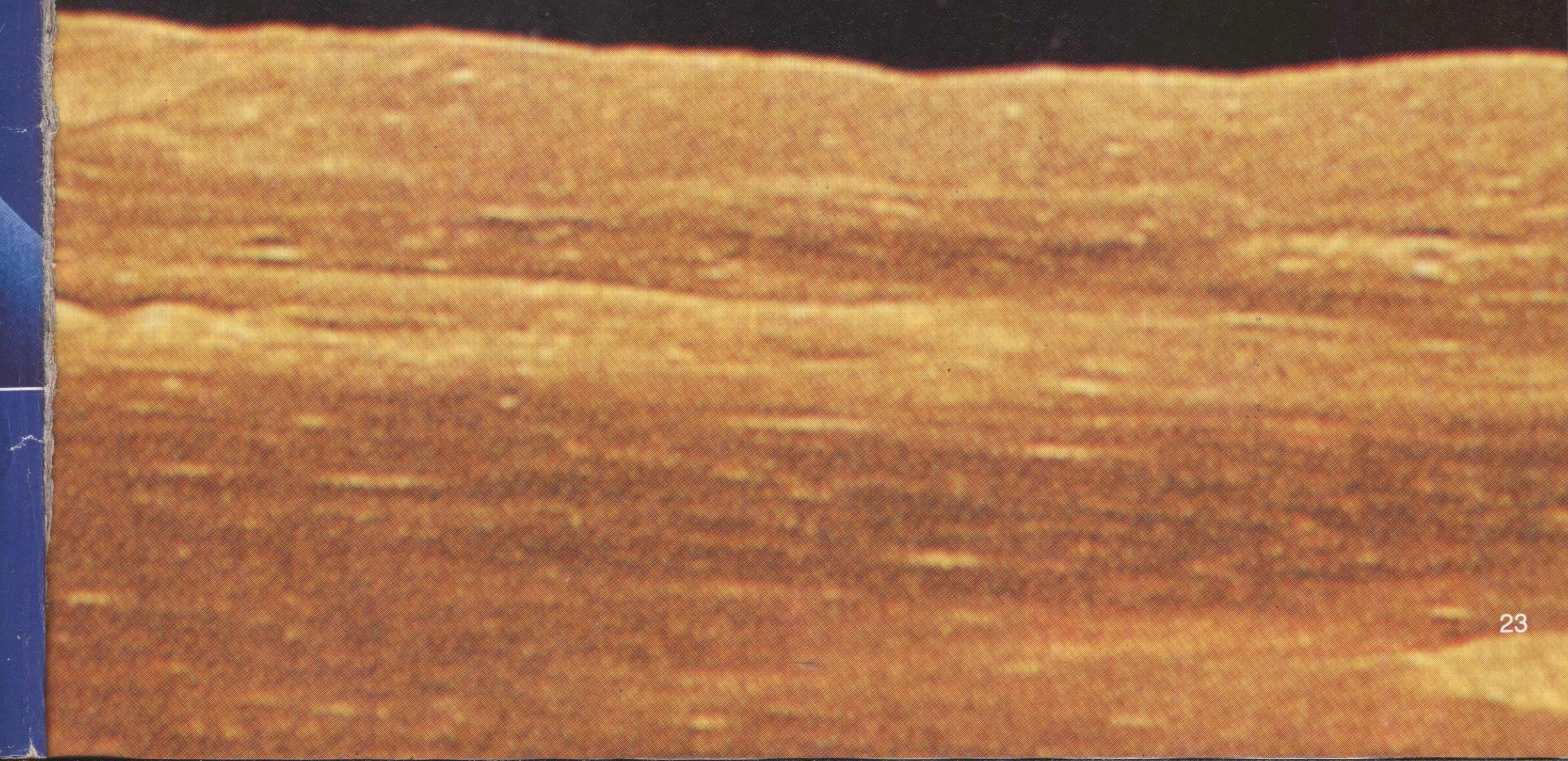
OVER THE MOON

By Gerald Rawling

It all happened just 20 years ago. The time: Sunday July 20, 1969, 9.30 pm, Eastern Standard Time. The place: The Sea of Tranquillity on the Moon. *Dramatis personnae*: two astronauts named Neil Armstrong and Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin. Nearly a quarter of the world's population watched TV pictures of the heavily space-suited figure of Neil Armstrong moving slowly and carefully backwards down the short ladder from the Lunar Module, *Eagle*. Then came the immortal words: 'That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.' A man was at last standing on the Moon.

That occasion, of course, was another 'giant leap' this time for the American space programme, which earlier had been lagging sadly behind the efforts of the Russians, who unquestionably had been the first to put a man in space. It was on April, 12, 1961, when a presentable young man bailed out of Vostok 1, and parachute-landed in front of an astonished lady, whose name is recorded as Mrs Anya Takhtarova. 'Have you come from outer space?' she asked. To which the young cosmonaut replied with an engaging grin: 'Yes. Would you believe it, I certainly have.'

This, of course, was Yuri Gagarin, the first man to fly in space. He also goes down in Soviet history as a cosmonaut who died seven years later without ever making another space flight. He was killed in a routine test flight in a ram-jet rocket-propelled fighter which went wrong. His aircraft crashed in a birch forest, exploded and his body was 'burned beyond recognition', a phrase which would become ominously familiar some 12,000 miles away, where the USA was trying to keep up in the space race. As early as the late 1950's President Eisenhower had set up the Mercury project to put a man in space and bring him back safely. Offers went out to career pilots



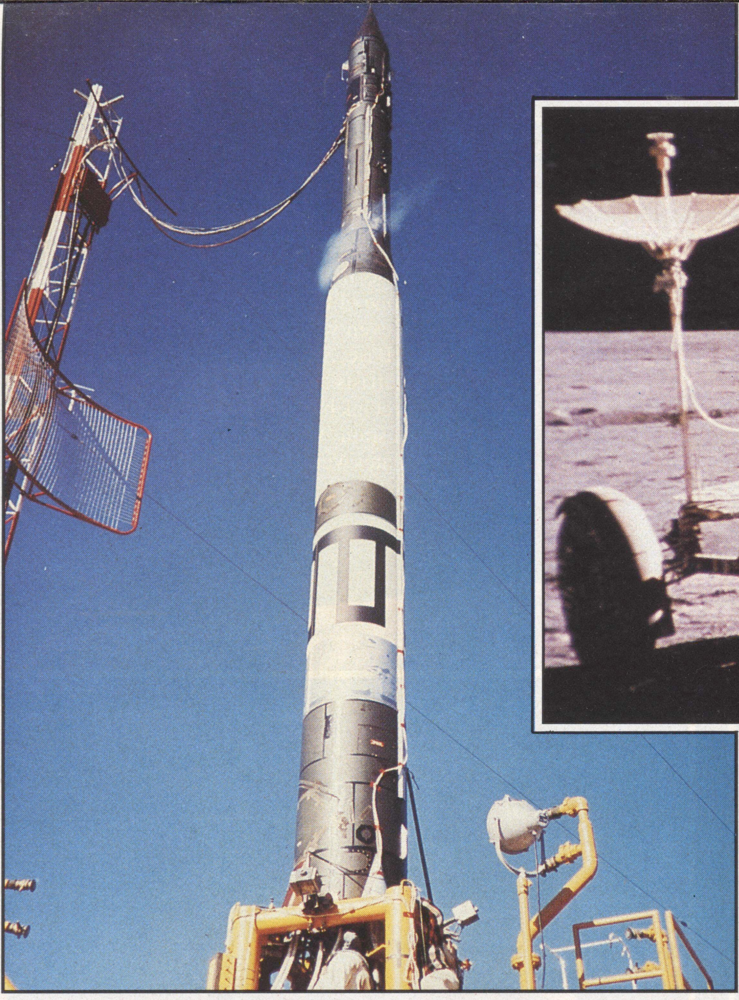
Main picture: The Apollo 11 Lunar Module ascent stage, photographed from the Command Module, after leaving the moon. Near right top: Aldrin descends the Lunar Module ladder prior to his first steps on the moon. Below it: The Apollo 11 crew; Neil Armstrong (Commander), Michael Collins (Command Module pilot) and Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin (Lunar Module pilot). Far right: The Saturn V rocket that launched the Apollo missions lifting off. Each was 365 feet high.

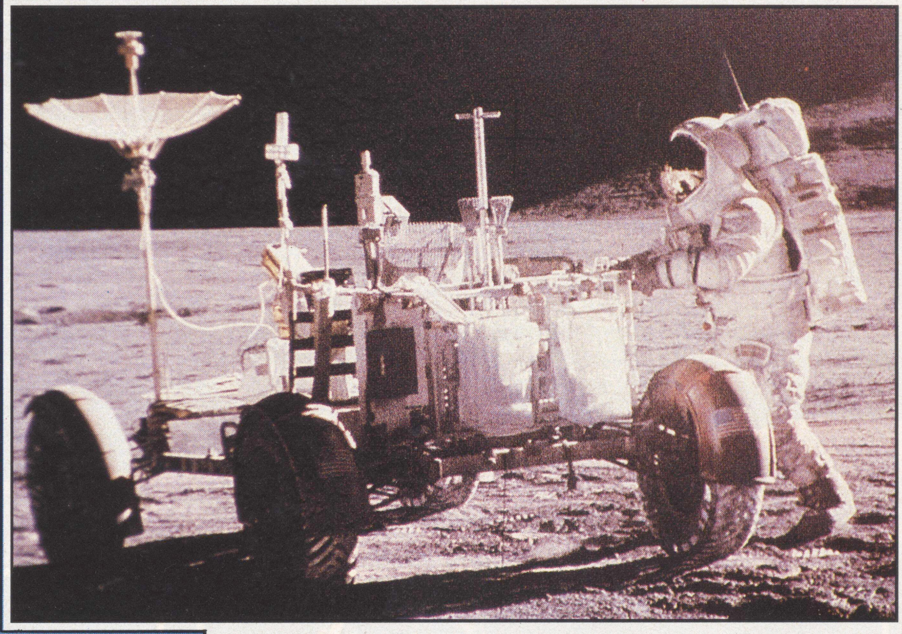
of the Air Force, Navy and Marines on a strictly volunteer basis, and emphasising the hazardous nature of the operation. Out of the 69 officers initially approached, 56 volunteered and the newly formed NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration), which had replaced the old established NACA (National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics), did not even bother to approach another 41 candidates, who might have been eligible on their records to date.

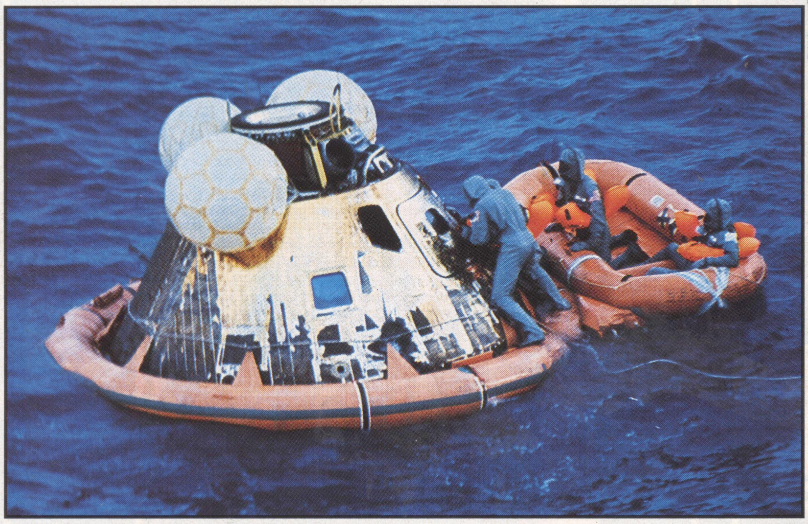
An initial 12 astronauts came down to seven — the Mercury Seven, as they were presented to the nation on television in April, 1959 (Not yet the Magnificent Seven as they might well have been dubbed a little later — the film came out in 1960). But then, for the budding astronauts, came the medical tests, which were truly frightful. From the start, at the Lovelace Foundation in Alberquerque, New Mexico, these young men had the following qualifications: Less than 40 years of age; less than five feet 11 inches in height; excellent physical condition; bachelor's degree or equivalent; graduate of a test pilot school; 1,500 hours of flight time; qualified jet pilot; citizen of the USA. Yet they were treated by the medical staff as if they were guinea pigs in a laboratory.

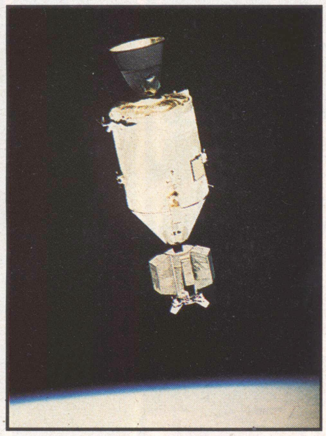
The medics in their white gowns demanded specimens of everything they could produce, from blood and tissue down to urine and faeces. When they wanted a sample of semen, one outraged pilot asked, 'How am I supposed to produce that?', to receive the bland answer: 'Oh, fantasise, masturbate and ejaculate.' The pilot's reply was that, if he got stuck on the project, could one of the nurses help him?

It was even worse at the Wright Patterson Air Force Base, where they were at the mercy of psychiatrists and psychologists, being asked to interpret ink blot patterns, or give 20 answers to the question 'Who am I?' In one of the tests the candidates were given a completely blank sheet



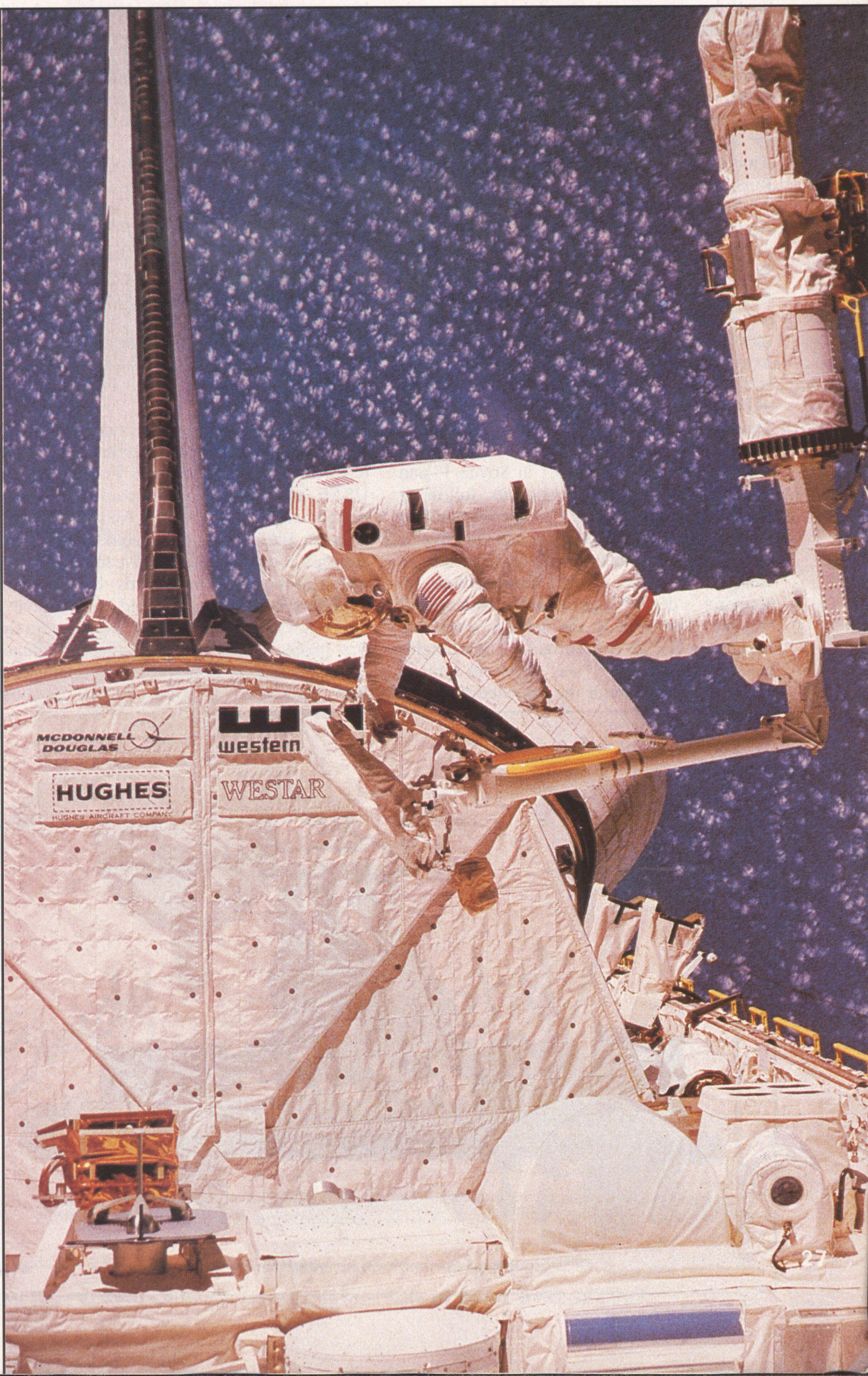






Other spectacular moments in space history. Top right: Jim Irwin of Apollo 15 with the Lunar Rover, used on the last three moon missions. Below it: Skylab, the solar-powered space laboratory, in orbit. Bottom middle: Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins 'in quarantine' after returning to earth. Left: An early example of glasnost? Apollo 18 with the US-built docking module seen from Soviet Soyuz 19. Above it: Splashdown and recovery for the first moon mission. Top left: The early days. A Vanguard rocket at Cape Canaveral in 1957. Far right: Carrying out in-flight repairs.

of paper, and asked to say what they saw. Some said, 'A blank sheet of paper,' which did not earn them any Brownie points, because they were supposed to use their imagination.
Lieutenant J G Charles 'Pete' Conrad, a Navy pilot, actually had points deducted, because he looked at the paper then said in a wary tone, 'But it's upside down', which so startled the shrink that he leaned across the table to look, before he realised he had been conned. Perhaps because of this Conrad ended up not as one of the Chosen Seven, and with the words written across the top of his file, 'Not suitable for long-duration flight.' Despite this, he made it second time round, took part in the later Gemini programme and, in Apollo 12 became one of the very few men to set foot on the Moon.
It was just three weeks after Gagarin's historic first space flight that NASA began to catch up, when Commander Alan Shepard, USN, lay more or less upside down in a Mercury capsule, on top of a Redstone rocket, and waited for blast-off. The intervening weeks had been humiliating for the American populace at large, and NASA, in particular, when two test rockets launched from Cape Canaveral had gone off course, or just toppled over, within seconds of launch, both being exploded by remote control. The period was the height of the Cold War with the Kremlin cackling with glee at every American set back, which was widely publicised in the USA, and boasting about Soviet supremacy in the space race, while keeping a total silence on any Russian disaster.
The early Mercury flights were sub-orbital, meaning that the capsule was fired off, rather like a shell from a howitzer on a trajectory which took it up 116 miles — that is, beyond the Earth's atmosphere and into space, then dropping to a predictable splashdown with Navy vessels and helicopters within easy reach. Shepard's flight was immaculate. It only took 15 minutes, but there was an interminable four hour delay, for technical reasons, before lift off. Shepard had to ask permission to urinate into his pressure suit, since no one had thought it necessary to provide a receptacle for such a short flight.
Overnight 'Smilin' Al Shepard' became a national hero to rival Charles Lindbergh. A new expression, 'A-OK', entered the English language, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by President Kennedy, and was given a traditional ticker tape welcome in New York along Broadway. More importantly, President Kennedy asked Congress to provide funds for a multi-billion dollar programme, aiming to land a man on the Moon and return him safely to Earth before the decade was out.
Second astronaut of the Chosen Seven was Captain Virgil 'Gus' Grissom, USAF, who provided almost a repeat performance of Shepard's flight, although at splashdown, just when the helicopter was trying to lift off the Mercury capsule, the explosive bolts on the escape hatch blew, and the sea started pouring in, while Grissom thrashed his way out. The weight of water dragged the helicopter until its wheels were actually in the sea, at which point it severed the connection allowing the multi-million dollar capsule to sink to the ocean bed three miles down.
In the meantime, Grissom, who was now also on the point of drowning, waved frantically at the second helicopter, where a photographer was enthusiastically filming the scene, under the impression that the astronaut was signalling that he was A-OK. Poor Gus Grissom survived this traumatic episode, but not a later one, as we shall see.
Third astronaut of the Seven was Lieutenant-Colonel John Glenn Jnr, USMC, the only Marine in the outfit. His sub-orbital log was scrapped in favour of the first orbital flight with the new Atlas booster rocket. He was thus the first American to go into orbit, on a nine hour flight, during which he saw four sunsets before splashing down and becoming an even greater hero than Shepard.
After that, there were three more Mercury flights (astronauts Scott Carpenter, Wally Schirra and Gordon Cooper), before NASA embarked on the Gemini programme to prove beyond doubt that the Moon trip could be successfully accomplished. The project was called Lunar Orbital Rendezvous, and involved putting the two man Gemini capsule into orbit round the Earth, and checking on entirely new ventures like EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity). This involved getting a man outside the capsule in a space suit and, perhaps more important, practising the art of rendezvous, docking and undocking with another craft in space. It had early been realised there was no way of landing a substantial rocket on the Moon, and getting it off again, a small lunar module would have to make the descent, then blast off into orbit and reunite with its parent capsule.
Gemini 4 was the first mission in June 1965, where an astronaut went walkabout in space. Command pilot was Major James McDivitt, his co-pilot and the first American to step outside, Major Edward White, both of the USAF. The walk was triumphantly successful, and so



exhilarating for White that Gus Grissom, acting as Capsule Communicator (or CAPCOM) in Houston) had repeatedly to order White back into the capsule, because he was unable to break through the excited banter going on between the two astronauts. Meanwhile Cape Canaveral had been renamed Cape Kennedy, following the President's assassination, and Mission Control had moved from the Cape to the new Manned Spacecraft Centre in Houston, Texas.

It was not until Gemini 8 that a successful docking in space was achieved with an Agena target vehicle, which had been blasted off ahead of them. Crew of Gemini 8 were the civilian pilot, Neil Alden Armstrong, with Major David Randolph Scott, USAF as co-pilot. The docking procedure went so beautifully that when South Pacific CAPCOM ordered them to go ahead and dock, he was astonished to hear Armstrong's triumphant reply, 'We are docked . . . and she's a real smoothie.'

Gemini led on to Apollo, a three man capsule which was intended to reach the Moon. This was early 1967, which was to prove a disastrous year for both Americans and Russians. So far the Americans had 16 flights in space, and the Russians eight without any fatalities, but now things began to go wrong. At Cape Kennedy, the Apollo 1 astronauts (Virgil 'Gus' Grissom, the veteran Mercury and Gemini pilot, Edward White, the first space walk man, and newcomer Roger Chaffee) were all burned beyond recognition, when some eletrical fault caused a spark, which ignited the inflammable pure oxygen in their capsule — and this on the ground while they were on a training exercise with an unfuelled Saturn rocket sitting beneath them.

That incident was to put the Apollo progamme back nearly two years, while in Russia Colonel Vladimir Komarov took off in Soyuz 1, and plunged to his death after 14 orbits, following numerous system failures. His capsule parachute failed to open, and he smashed into the ground. Only two space pilots went on record about the dangers of space flying. Commenting on Komarov's death, Gagarin said: 'Nothing will stop us. The road to the stars is steep and dangerous. But we're not afraid . . . Spaceflights can't be stopped . . .' 'Gus' Grissom himself wrote: 'We flew with the knowledge that if something really went wrong up there, there wasn't the slightest hope of rescue.'

It was 20 months later that the second Apollo mission, numbered for some reason Apollo 7, took off from the same Pad 37, where the first crew had died. Commander was veteran Mercury and Gemini pilot, Captain Wally Schirra, USN, with two rookies, Major Don Eisele, USAF, and civilian Walter Cunningham. Apollo 7 was strictly Earth orbit, with numerous tests for the crew. It was an 11 day mission, and a flight distance of 4.5 million miles (163 revolutions).

Schirra, nicknamed Mr Cool by NASA ground staff, developed a bad cold, which was passed on to his co-pilots, and all three became somewhat testy when asked to perform extra experiments for which they were not prepared. Mr Cool lost his cool when he flatly refused to go ahead with a scheduled TV transmission, saying bluntly, 'The show is off. We've not eaten, I've got a cold and I refuse to foul up our time this way.' Despite strained relations between ground staff and the astronauts — Schirra now had a new nickname. 'The biggest Bolshie in space' — the three pilots entered into the spirit of later TV transmissions for an audience of many millions, Schirra at the top of his extrovert form introduced the programme as 'The one and only original Apollo roadshow, starring the great acrobats of outer space.' Delighted viewers were entertained with exhibitions of weightlessness by the astronauts in the more roomy confines of the Apollo Command Module, and Schirra signed off from the last show in high good humour with the words: 'As the sun sinks slowly in the west, this is Apollo 7 cutting out now.'

It was Apollo 8 which first struck out for the Moon, launching on December 21, 1968 (crewed by veterans Colonel Frank Borman, USAF, and Captain James Lovell, USN, with newcomer Major Williams Anders, USAF). Once in Earth orbit, the second stage of the Saturn V rocket gave them a five minute 'burn', which propelled them towards their target at 24,226 mph until they reached Moon gravity. There, they completed 10 orbits, and were the first people to see, and photograph, the lunar landscape at close quarters. Their burn to bring them back into Earth orbit, and eventual splashdown, was triumphantly successful.

Apollo 9 left Cape Kennedy on March 3, 1969 (crewed by Gemini veterans Colonel David Scott and James McDivitt, both USAF, with rookie civilian Rusty Schweikart). For the first time they carried the Lunar Module (LM), nicknamed Spider, with them, and tested it in Moon orbit, undocking it with McDivitt and Schweikart aboard, experimenting successfully, with both descent and ascent engines, and finally redocking from a distance of 100 miles. CM pilot, Scott, informed the other two: 'You're the biggest, friendliest, funniest looking spider I've ever seen,' and, it must be admitted, the LM, with its four spindly legs ending in circular landing pads, did look something like a kind of ungainly insect.

With the LM crew back aboard with Scott, they shunted off the Spider with a six minute burst on her ascent engine to send her off into space; there was no way the frail LM could return through the Earth's atmosphere at thousands of miles per hour. Subsequent burn back to Earth orbit, and final splashdown, were both immaculate.

Apollo 10 was the final dress rehearsal for the Moon landing, and carried through every operation that would be needed on the ultimate voyage, with the single exception of making an actual touchdown on the Moon's surface. The crew were all seasoned astronauts, Colonel Thomas Stafford, USAF, as commander, with Commanders John Young and Eugene Cernan, both USN, as his back-up team.

They lifted off on May, 18, 1969 from Pad 39B at Cape Kennedy, and went into Earth orbit for two revolutions before the Saturn second stage gave them the burn for Moon orbit, which was successfully achieved on May 21. It was a very relaxed crew who had irreverently nicknamed CM as *Charlie Brown* and LM as *Snoopy*, after well known American cartoon characters. There were something like 19 television spectaculars, some of them extended and even unscheduled. Then came the acid test.

The current LM was too heavy for a Moon landing, but *Snoopy* could do everything else and, leaving Young in *Charlie Brown*, Stafford and Cernan undocked in *Snoopy*, and fired the descent engine for 27.4 seconds to bring them swooping over the Sea of Tranquillity at a height of nine miles.

'Houston . . . this is *Snoopy*. We is low. We is down among 'em Charlie!' shouted Cernan to CAPCOM, Charles Duke. CAPCOM replied with some questions about engine firing, but the two astronauts observed for the first time the Earth rising over the Moon horizon, and Cernan ignored mundane factors about *Snoopy's* engine firing. 'Aw Charlie', he said. 'We just saw Earthrise, and it's got to be magnificent.' And so it was, as their later photographs showed.

Then it was Stafford's turn, as they cruised above the Sea of Tranquillity, and he reported Apollo 11's landing area as 'very smooth wet clay, like a dry riverbed in New Mexico or Arizona.' Then it came to jettisoning the descent and firing the ascent engine for rendezvous, and docking with *Charlie Brown*.

There was a heartstopping moment, when *Snoopy* started spinning viciously, owing, it turned out later to a switch being left in the wrong position, which allowed a remote control guidance system to come into operation. 'Son of a bitch!' shouted Cernan. 'There's something wrong with the gyro.'

Stafford took over manual control some eight

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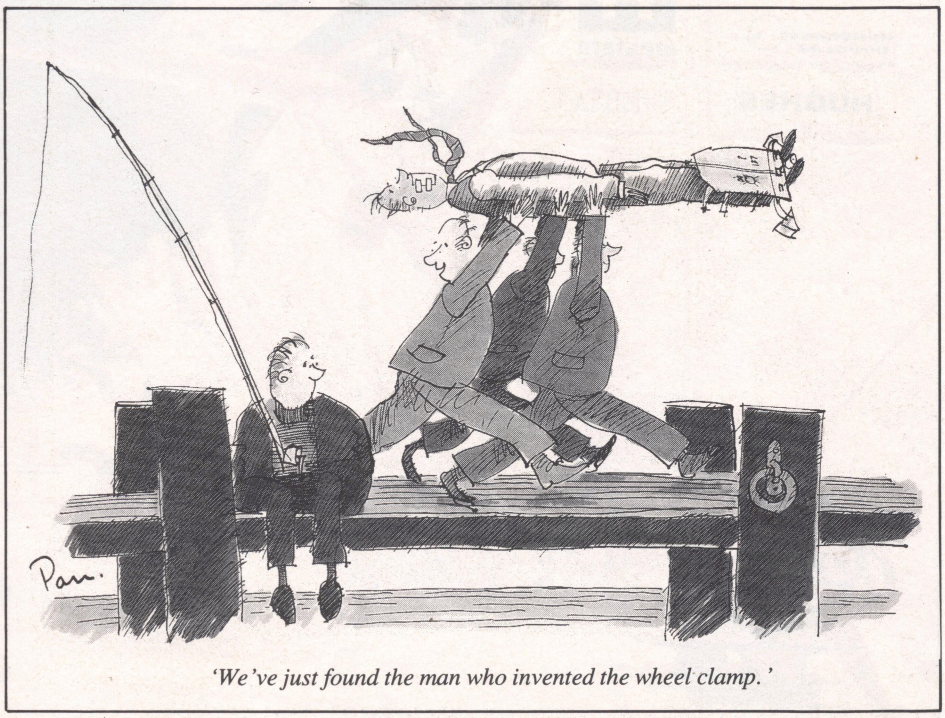

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TRINITY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RON FOGOL

Fortunately for 40DD-26-35 Trinity Ball she is an expert in asset management, and works for a firm of accountants in the City. 'We have our knockers,' she says straight-faced, 'but we do try to stay abreast of things.' What about the boobs? 'Oh, we try not to make too many,' she replies quick as a flash. Obviously Trinity has learnt to live with her spectacular endowment.

Twenty-seven year old Trinity, originally born in Oxford, now lives in a basement flat in Pimlico. 'It's quite convenient for work and living in the centre of London is quieter than you think.' For relaxation, Trinity pops down the *Clarendon Arms* for a couple of jars. 'Yes, you can see me in there most nights,' she says, 'I find it really helps me unwind after trying to balance the books all day, and don't ask me where it is I try to balance them!' Does she ever have to juggle her figures? 'Only if I'm wearing a tight blouse,' she laughs.

Kendra had been footsteps on the ceiling, unanswered phone calls and the same record played over and over. Then one day she'd turned up at his door with an offer of dinner at her place. But why was the table set for three?

ILLUSTRATED BY TERRY PASTOR

Holding on for Kendra

Fiction by Sam White

'Kendra — it's David. I'll ring you again later.' Kendra was my upstairs neighbour. I had yet to meet her. She was late night footsteps on the flat ceiling, and one record — Joni Mitchell's *Dog Eat Dog* — played over and over with muffled regularity.

I heard her telephone through her open venetian blinded window as I sipped a wind-down can of chilled beer in the tiny back garden. It rang four times, stopped, and then David's disembodied voice left his message on the answering machine. I glanced up at the window. The blind flickered, and I was certain I saw fingers at the edge. It made no sense. Why wouldn't she answer the phone?

I shrugged. When Richard had lent me the flat he'd said nothing about odd neighbours. It was a basement of three in a Victorian terrace lying in a street littered with four-year-old cars, house converter's skips, and swollen rubbish sacks slashed by scavenging cats. Richard was heavily into property. He had *pieds-à-terre* all over the place.

'Live there as long as you like,' he'd said, and I'd been glad of the offer even if the place reminded me of the cramped rooms I'd shared as a student. Still, staying in a flat beat living in a hotel. I was only here on three month summer contract installing a new computer system at an insurance company's head office. The days were long, and I held my breath until the weekend when I'd hack back home and rejoin my proper life.

I did tell my mates about the girl upstairs.

'I've never seen her,' I said. 'A guy rings her, and shouts into an empty phone.'

'She sounds like a weirdo,' said Mervyn.

'Yeah,' I said, 'All weirdos like Joni Mitchell.'

The next Tuesday I returned home to startle a man skulking at the bottom of the basement steps.

'What are you selling pal?'

The guy turned in surprise. He was too well groomed to be a burglar but his face was haggard and creased with fatigue. His pale blue eyes narrowed.

'You live here?'

'I do.'

'I'm waiting for Kendra.'

He made her sound as if she was a late arriving train, and one that he'd waited for more than

once, I felt. He watched me closely, then said. 'Any idea when she'll be in?'
I frowned, and he shook his head.
'Yeah. How would you know?'
He shrugged, and shuffled past me to climb the steps.
I guessed it was him who phoned later as I sat in the garden enjoying the cooling evening. The four short rings, and his voice edged with a little desperation.
'Kendra — why don't you call me?'
'Arsehole,' I said, and glanced up at the girl's flat. I assumed the man I'd rumbled must be David.
Wednesday I discovered a glitch in the software and didn't return until gone midnight. David was waiting huddled at the bottom of my steps.
'What the fuck are you doing?'
'Shit, hey, I'm sorry. Kendra's not in. I'm still waiting, OK?'
'David — right?'
'She's told you about me?'
'I've never met her. I've heard your telephone messages.'
He looked wasted in the street light, and watched me with strained eyes as I explained.
'Technology, can you believe it? I've been trying to catch her for days.'
'Why doesn't she answer the phone?'
'I don't think she's right in the head, you know?'
'Are you an old friend? Do you know her well?'
'I'm her man.'
Tough at the top, I thought, and he brushed past me to be swallowed into the night.
Kendra called on me the following evening. Tall, willowy in a soft body hugging jumper and neat cut trousers. Her face was innocent with disarming green eyes and cropped black hair, like moleskin. She was very, very sexy but fragile. You instantly wanted to protect her.
'Thought I'd introduce myself, being a neighbour,' she said, and offered her hand. Her cool fingers barely touched mine. Her voice was light with a trace of a foreign past. I thought of distracted David. It figured.
'Want to come in?' I said. 'Have a drink?'
She seemed to weigh me up, and then cocked her head.
'I only drink tea,' she said, 'and Evian.'
'I've got both.'
I brewed a pot of Darjeeling, and we swapped polite chit-chat on the pros and cons of the area. She was amusing about cats but scathing on the quality of flat conversions.
'You can hear everything,' she said, and studied me. It was disturbing, as if she was cutting beneath my skin.
'You're very quiet. The guy living here before had an obsession with learning the guitar badly.'
'I'm not musical.' I countered quickly.

'Nor was he,' she parried expertly. 'I sometimes hear your stereo.'
'Just thump on the ceiling if it bothers you.'
'I hardly notice, but then I like Joni Mitchell.'
Kendra smiled as if she didn't believe me, and moved to finish her tea. What I said next was a ploy to keep her a little longer.
'Look Kendra, David's been round. He's trying to contact you.'
She shrugged, and sighed. She didn't seem bothered.
'I suppose he told you I was his woman?'
She laughed bitterly as I nodded.
'Poor David. He's so mixed up.'
'You don't answer the phone. I've heard the machine.'
'Sometimes I prefer to be incommunicado,' she said, pinning me with her gaze. Kendra cocked her head.
'Men can be so funny,' she said, and watched me over the rim of her mug. I'd seen the expression before in the eyes of women. The unmistakable 'I will, if you will' invitation but with Kendra I was certain it was only a tease.
'It depends who's writing their script.'
'Naturally,' she said, putting down her mug, 'Still do drop by anytime.'
'I'll ring to check you're in. Leave a message on your answering machine.'
'Of course,' she said, 'My number's in the book — under Savage — the same address as you.'
I wondered if I would. There was David in the shadows, and my girlfriend at home. The potential liabilities outweighed the attractions, and I let the days slip by ignoring the occasional reminders when, lounging in the flat, the drums of the first track on *Dog Eat Dog* sounded from above.
Kendra had other ideas. I came home one evening to find a note stuck through the letterbox.
'You haven't rung. Meet me in the *Raven's Arms* tomorrow. Don't reply — just be there at eight. I'll wait twenty minutes. Kendra.'
I was there at eight. Kendra wasn't, and at eight-thirty I finished my drink went to the phone in the foyer, looked up her number, and dialled.
A cool hand reached out to press the cradle.
'Simon. Are you phoning me — or a substitute?'
Kendra smiled. She looked stunning. Painted and perfumed, silk blouse, short tight skirt, black nylons and an embroidered bolero jacket. A rush of lust swept through me.
'A second away from shouting into your answering machine,' I said.
'Don't be silly.'
Her fingers clasped my wrist, and she darted her head forward to kiss me lightly on the cheek.
'Buy me an Evian, no ice, no lemon.'
She was exquisite company watching me with her sensuous eyes, occasionally lifting the glass of water to her lips, settling back, switching her legs, and wanting to know about my life. I was unashamedly chatting her up, delivering all my best anecdotes, and giving her a chance to respond. It lasted an hour until Kendra seemed suddenly fidgity.
'Simon, it's been nice but I have to leave.'
'Another man kept waiting?'
It was meant to be a lighthearted line but she twisted her face in distaste.
'Don't spoil it. I like the idea of you as a downstairs neighbour.'
She refused my offer of a lift, and as I stood to let her away from the table she gave me a fleeting hug, and another kiss on the cheek.
The inspiring image of her tidy butt and dancer

turn to page 62

Pamella Bordes in the nude

She's the Christine Keeler of the Eighties — a sloe-eyed Indian-born temptress who came from nowhere to bedazzle the British Establishment. Mixing with Cabinet ministers and royalty, City whizzkids and leading newspaper editors, she seemed the ideal, modern young socialite — glamorous, sexy and exciting, with a prestigious job as a Parliamentary researcher. But there was a darker side to Pamella Bordes — a secret life that included discreet romps with Libyan intelligence agents and oil-rich arabs. In these exclusive colour pictures we reveal more of that hidden Pamella than ever before.

Take a beautiful woman, add a hint of scandal, spice liberally with a good dose of MPs, Royalty, Libyan terrorists and newspaper editors, leave to simmer, stirring occasionally with new revelations and intimate diaries, and there you have the Pamella Bordes recipe for tabloid mega-stardom. It's hard to believe that it was only last March that she hit the headlines when pictured with sports Minister Colin Moynihan, and the news of her double-life as a £500 a go good time girl. Moynihan, who had been seen with her on several occasions,

said that nothing improper ever occurred between them. Pamella, while working as a researcher for MP David Shaw, was tape recorded offering her favours to a *News of the World* reporter who, in true tabloid style, 'made his excuses and left', but not before landing himself one of the biggest news stories of the year. And what a story it was — Moynihan's denials were hardly off the front page, before Pam was linked to Andrew Neil of the *Sunday Times* and Donald Trelford of the *Observer*, both national newspaper editors.

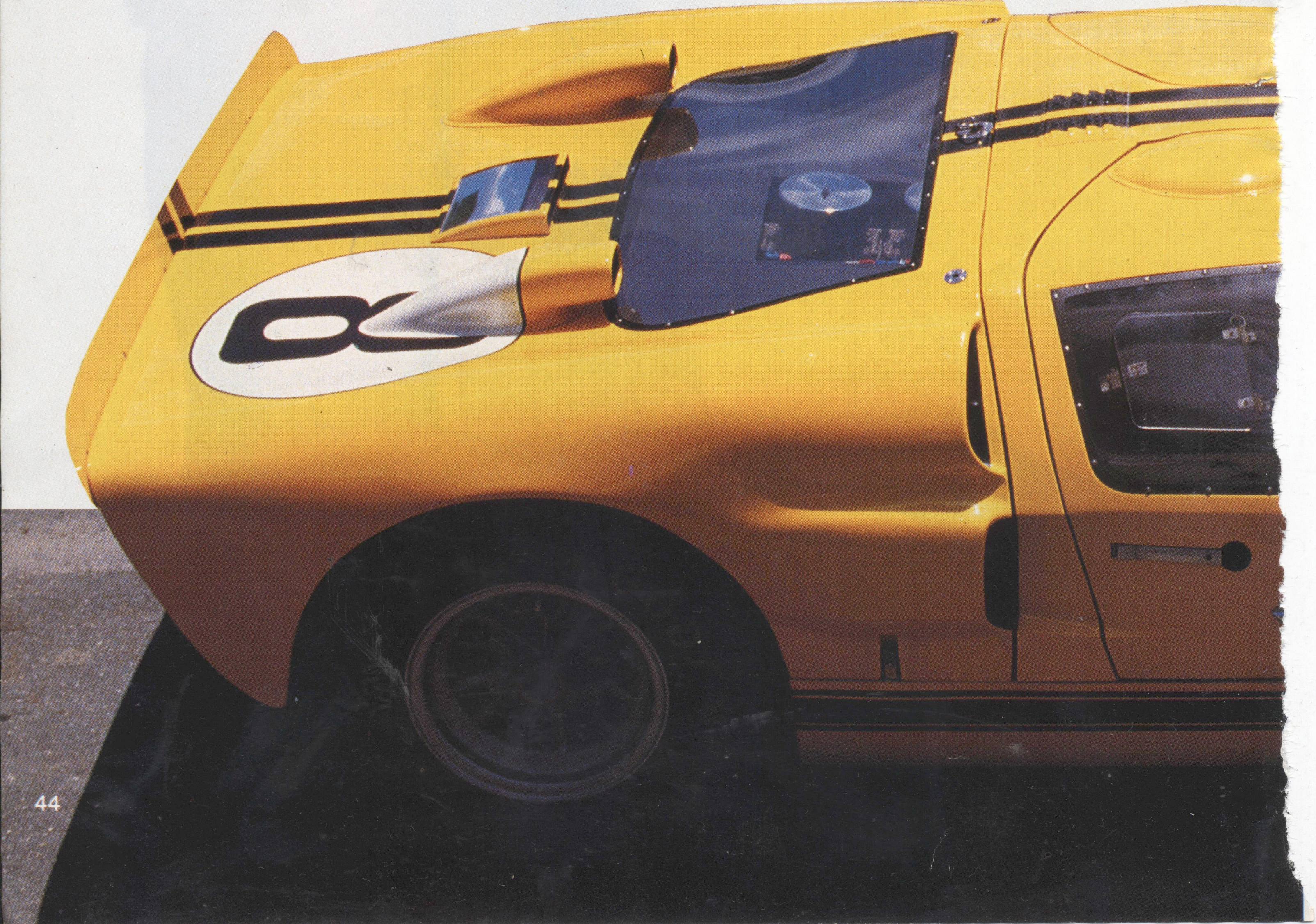
The editor of the *Mail on Sunday*, Stuart Stevens, wrote tongue-in-cheek to the *Sun* complaining he had not been linked to Ms. Bordes. The *Sun* duly printed an apology for this slur on his reputation. But just as the story was gathering momentum, the central figure vanished. In her absence other names emerged:

- Comedian Jim Davidson told the *Sunday Mirror*: 'Did I make love to her? Course I fucking did!'
- Unsurprisingly, Bill Wyman had been photographed with her.
- Two jockeys, millionaire Steve Cauthen and jumps rider Barrie Wright, were late entries.
- A more sinister addition was Colonel Gaddafi's spy-master and cousin, Ahmed Gadaff Al-Daim, with whom she had allegedly been bonking while still MP David Shaw's assistant.

By now two of the world's richest men — Adnan Khashoggi and King Hussein — had been added to this ever growing list. Just when it looked like there was no one left to link her to, the story took another bizarre twist: rumours filled the press about Pamella and a member of the Royal Family. Then, in an unprecedented statement, Captain Mark Phillips,

husband of Princess Anne, announced that he was the figure in question. He said that Pamella had stayed at the Royal couple's estate at Gatcombe Park, but only as a guest of an estate employee. Recently Pamella has survived a serious motorcycle accident, and sold her exclusive life story twice. Her affair with the world press continues unabated.

Main picture below: The 1966 Ford GT Mark II. One of only three in collectors hands, this model comes complete with a 7-litre V8 engine. Clockwise upper left to far right: This red 4.7-litre GT 40 was built in 1965, and raced in England and Spain. A group line-up of GT 40s at the 11th annual Shelby Convention in Michigan, America. A second view of the yellow Mark II. A blue GT 40 built in 1966. Designed with a 4.7 litre-engine, it was raced by Jackie Stewart and Graham Hill at Sebring, Florida. A final look at the Ford GT Mark II.

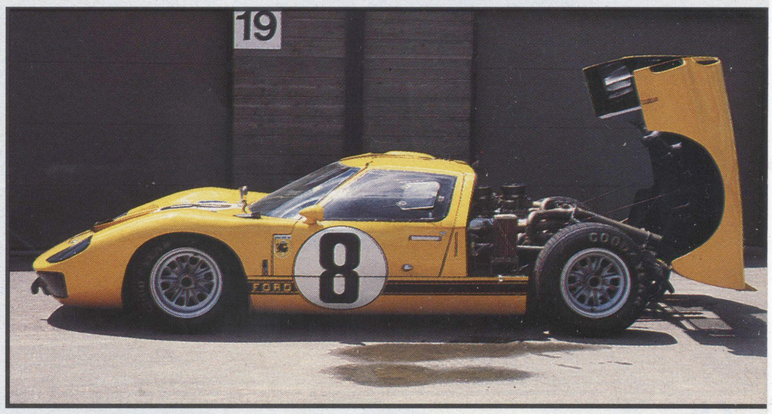


Motoring with William Boddy Photographed by John Allen

A road-devouring mid-engine concept, Ford's GT 40 hit the market long before its rivals. Following Le Mans success in 1966, you could buy a personally-tailored road model capable of a mind-boggling 164 mph

GT 40 -the fastest Ford

Looking back to the mid-1960s, when the Ford GT40 was being made, one can appreciate how very advanced the Ford Motor Company was in the design and production of this remarkable sports/racing coupé. At that time, Ferrari and Lamborghini were experimenting with the mid-engine concept for a fast road-devouring motor-car, Lotus was thinking about it, but Ford already



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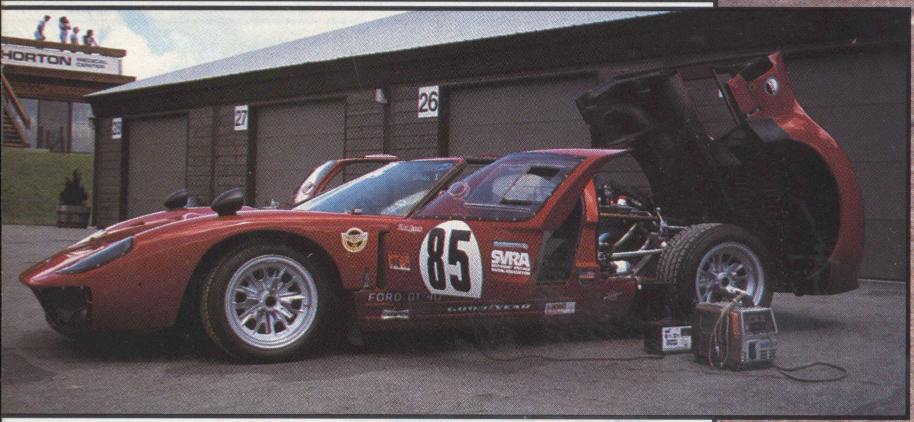
HORTON
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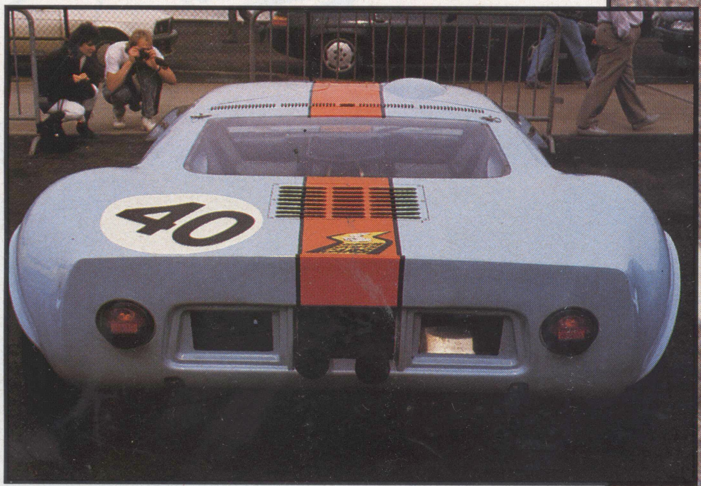
SVRA
FORD GT 40
GOODYEAR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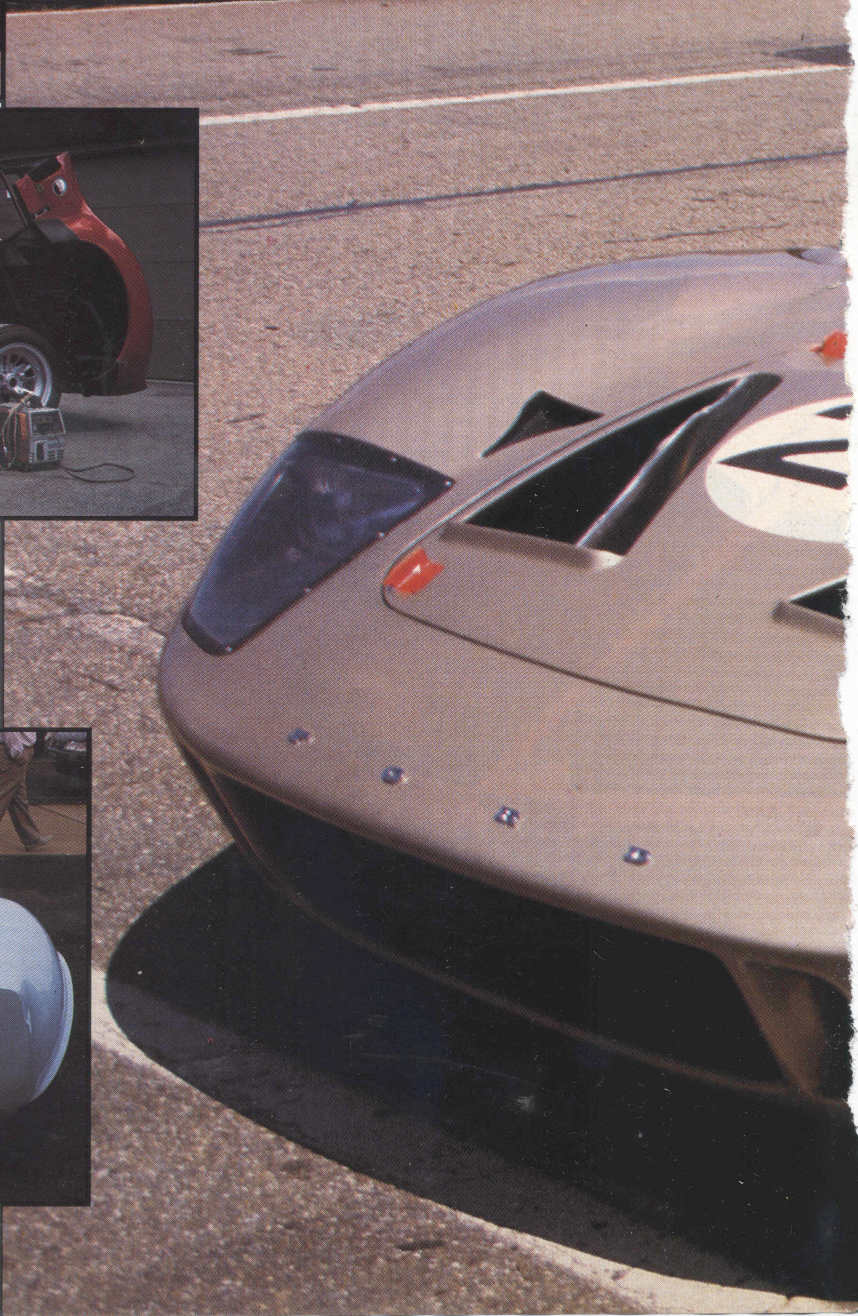
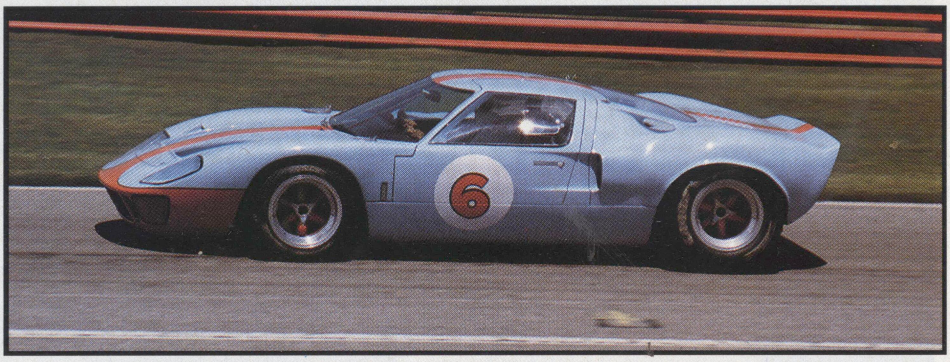
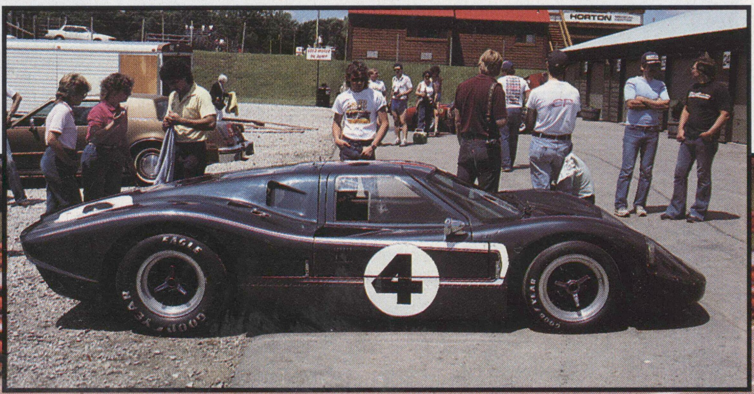


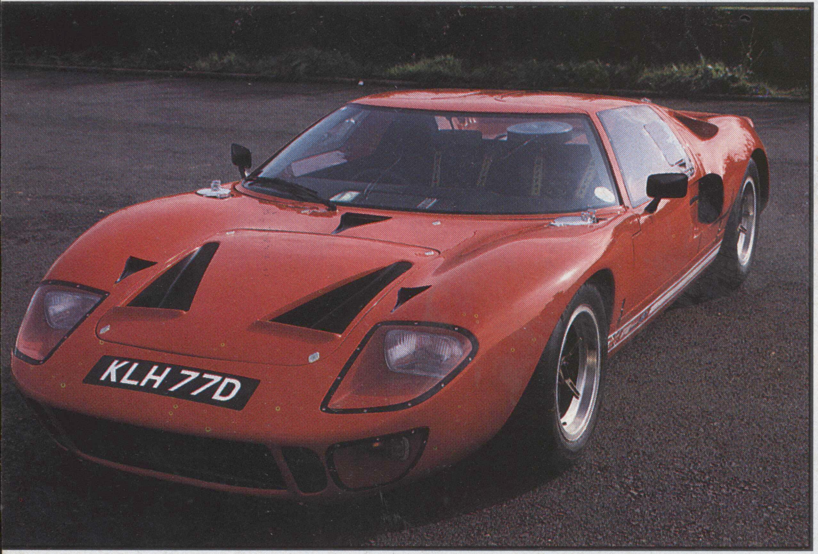
had the GT40 available to discerning customers. It is an astonishing story of how the world's second-largest car-producer set about winning the very prestigious Le Mans 24-hour race. Ford's millions came from mass-output of the Flivver, the immortal Tin-Lizzie, the famed Model-T that literally opened up the outbacks of the globe to mechanical transport. All over the world, Ford developed sporting successes of the highest order, even supplying the best-known V-eight engines for Formula One racing, and predominating in the tough rally arena. Maybe not so suprising really when it is remembered that Henry Ford-the-First, who started all this building of cars as if they were tin-cans, raced himself over frozen American lakes, setting the absolute-speed-record of 91 mph in 1904.
By the 1960's, Le Mans, that French sports-car



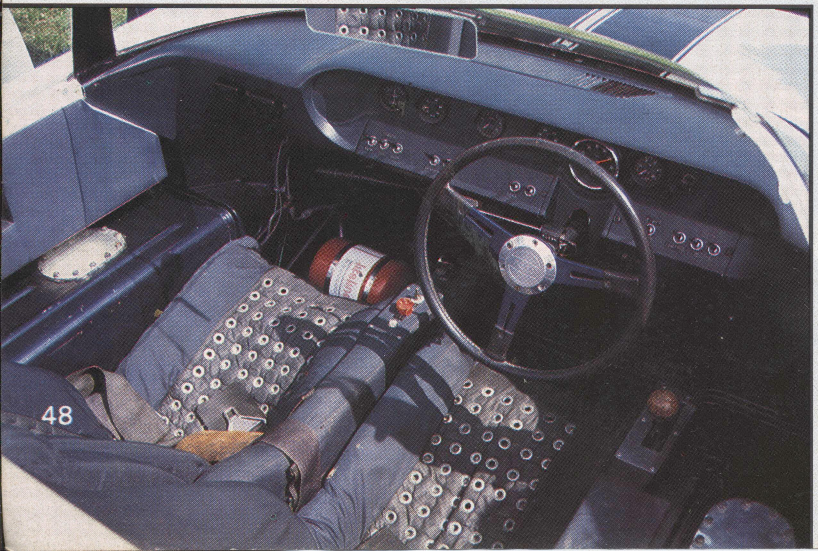


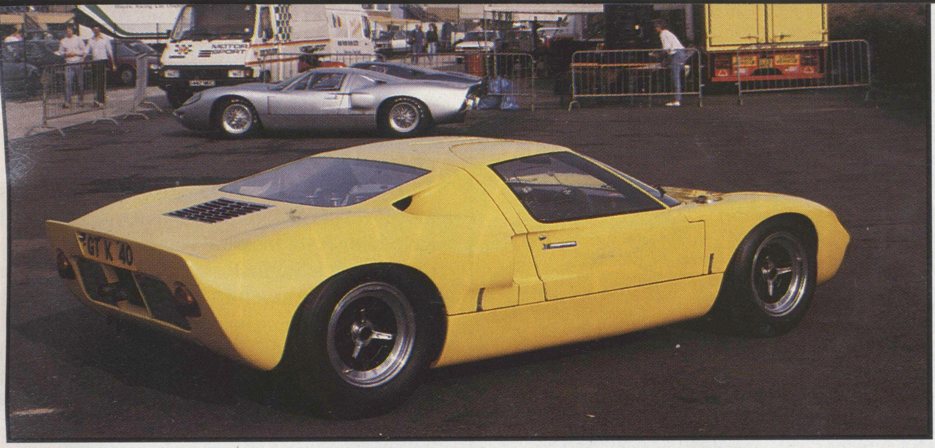
Main picture above: The standard 4.7-litre GT 40. The picture of this car was used on the front of Ford's sale brochures advertising the models. Clockwise bottom left to far right: The Gulf GT 40 was built in 1965, and raced the same year at Le Mans. A red 4.7-litre GT 40. This blue 1967 model raced only once, but set the joint lap record at Le Mans in 1967. The light blue GT 40 was the last model to be built. It wasn't completed until 1974 by JW Automotive Engineering Ltd. A second view of the slick 1967 model.

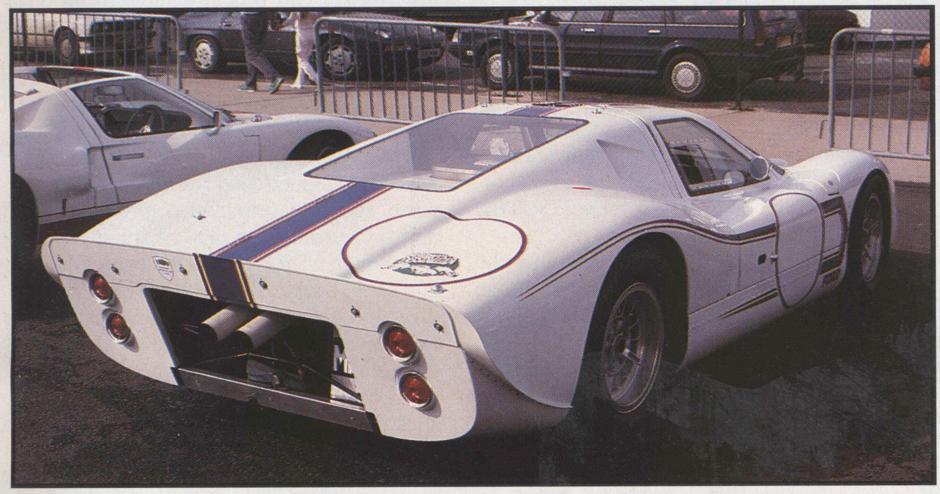
MK4
NOSTALGIA


KLH 77D

GTK 40

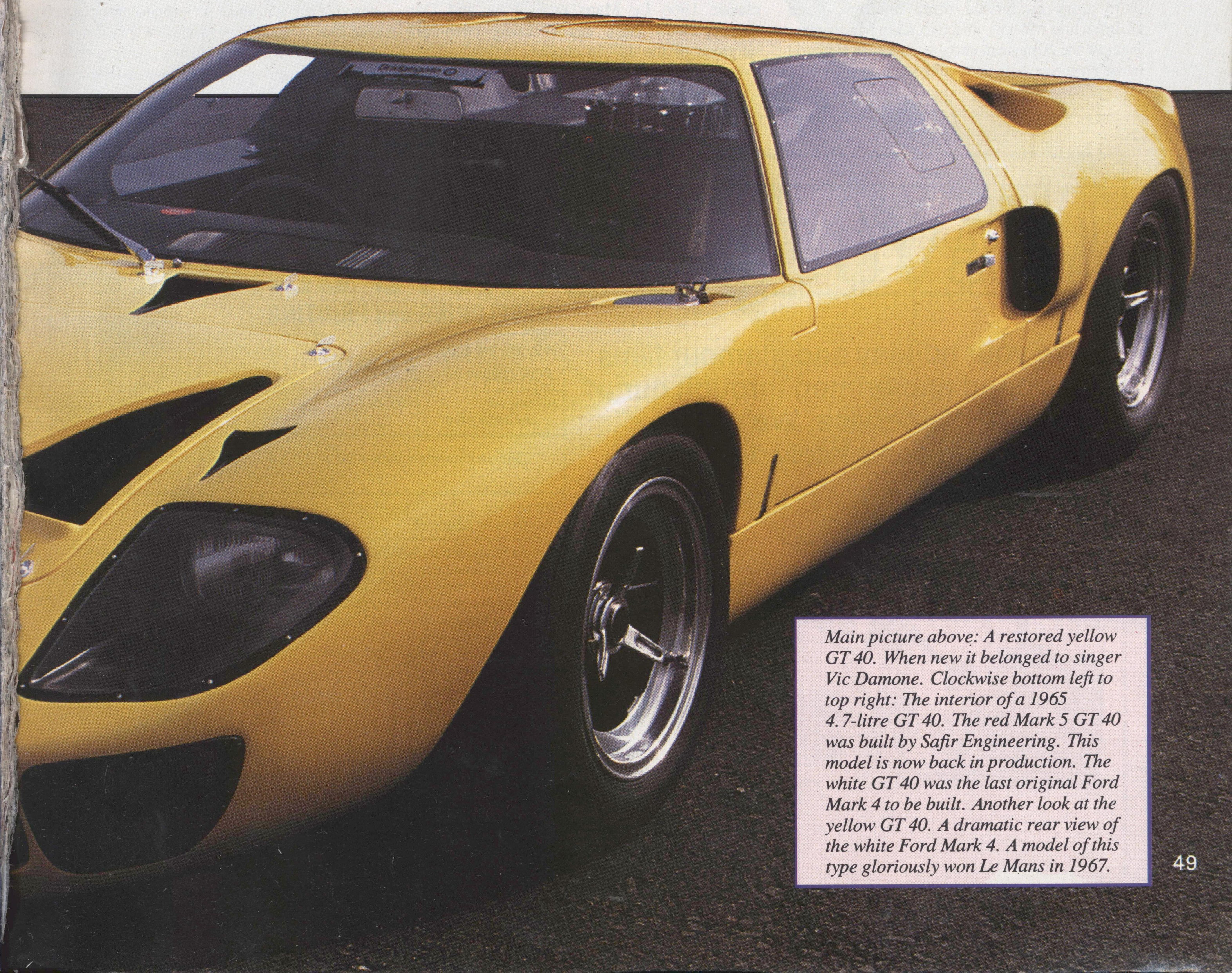






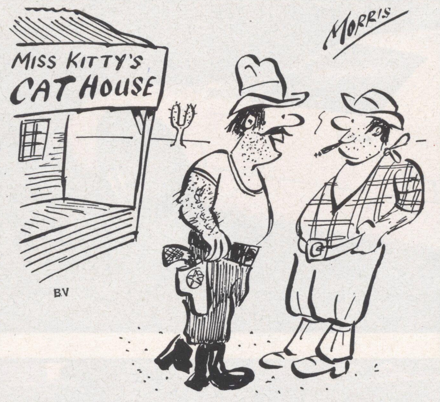
marathon that had commenced back in 1923, and been won outright five times by the big green British Bentleys, was the race to win, as it still is today. Ford decided to have a go. From interesting origins that embrace the Shelby-Cobras, and the Lolas of Eric Broadley, there evolved the advanced and exciting Ford GT40. A friend of mine used to say that he didn't regard any car as a proper sporting proposition unless he could easily lean on its roof. The GT40 qualified being just over 40 inches high. It's said that 40 ins gave the car its type name!

That was the car with which Ford mounted its attack on Le Mans. At the time, Charles H. Patterson, Ford's Executive Vice-President, said that their racing programme was a prudent commercial investment. It resulted in better production cars, and it stimulated the engineers, designers and fitters in the Ford factories. It showed the world's customers just how well Ford built, and the confidence it had in its products. Losing a race was an acceptable gamble, and receiving the chequered-flag as race-winner was a competitive stimulant worth more than a ten-day sales report. Astronomical sums of money were poured into the GT40 project, and it was to have many facets before the aim was satisfactorily achieved. Englishman Roy Lunn was initially in charge. What Ford wanted was a sleek racing-coupé capable of some 200 mph, using the available Indianapolis 500-Mile Race V8 engine, mated of necessity to an Italian



Main picture above: A restored yellow GT 40. When new it belonged to singer Vic Damone. Clockwise bottom left to top right: The interior of a 1965 4.7-litre GT 40. The red Mark 5 GT 40 was built by Safir Engineering. This model is now back in production. The white GT 40 was the last original Ford Mark 4 to be built. Another look at the yellow GT 40. A dramatic rear view of the white Ford Mark 4. A model of this type gloriously won Le Mans in 1967.

Coletti gearbox which was to later be replaced by a German ZF. Eric Broadley of Lola was called in, and things got off on the difficult road that any new motor-racing undertaking involves.
So how did Ford fare? In 1964, it was doom and gloom. Using mostly the 256 cub. in. push-rod Indy engine, and in spite of drivers of the calibre of Bruce McLaren, Ritchie Ginther and Phil Hill, they had no finishers out of nine starts in four important races. At Le Mans, the transmission failed on two of the GT40s, and the Attwood/Schlesser car caught fire. The following year, 1965, wasn't much better. Five GT40s finished out of 15 starts. Le Mans saw them all retire, the larger engines now rather more unreliable than the transmission and brakes. Disappointing for the dicers, who included Britishers John Whitmore and Innes Ireland. In 1964, Ferrari had filled the first three places at Le Mans. In 1965, this had again been the form of Ford's Italian challengers. The 7-litre Mk.11 Fords were quicker than the 275LM Ferraris. They had now to be made to survive the gruelling two rounds of the clock, at more than 120 mph!
Meanwhile, operations had been taken to Slough in England, under John Wyer (who died earlier this year, aged 80, in Arizona). As well as racing GT40s, he was turning out some for those who wanted to use them on the road, or in lesser racing engagements than Le Mans. At the historic Sarthe circuit, Ford mounted a real snorter for the 1966 Le Mans race, in the form of eight 7-litre prototype-class GT40s, backed up by five more GT40s from other sources. The main entry comprised three Shelbys, three Holman and Moody, and two Alan Mann cars. Against the American entry were seven Ferraris in the prototype category, two works entries, two



'I got her right between the thighs.'

from north America Racing, one from the British agent, as today, Maranello, one from Scuderia Filipinetti, and another from Ecurie Franchorchamps. In addition, three were three 275GTBs, a 275LM, and three Dino Ferraris.
This time it worked for Ford, repaying the millions of dollars they had invested. Bruce McLaren and Chris Amon won with the MkII at 126.01 mph, followed in by Ken Miles and Denny Hulme, and by Bucknum and Hutcherson, ahead of four Porsche Carreras, before the first Ferrari appeared. That year, out of 20 Ford starts, there were 11 finishes, with convincing victories at Sebring and Daytona. Graham Hill and Jackie Stewart were now racing GT40s.
It was no fluke, this Ford domination of the classic 1966 Le Mans race. Foyt and Dan Gurney won there again, using twin-carb versions of the 427-in engine, in 1967. They averaged 132.49 mph for the 24 hours, leaving the slower P4 Ferraris behind. After which, and a 1967 win at the Sebring 12-hours, Ford quit racing in Europe, to recoup the colossal expense. That wasn't the end of GT40s on the circuits, and moreover, you could nip down to Slough, and have John Wyer measure you for a road-version, like having a Savile Row suit. As he eased you into the seat so carefully sculpted, he would tell you that the engine behind you poked out a cool 335 bhp at 6250 rpm. With full trim and everyday amenities these cars were capable of 58,90,127,142, and 164 mph in the gears of the five-speed box. Pretty mind-boggling in those mid-1960s! The very low build of the coupé body, a weight of under a ton, giving searing acceleration, and handling that was in the Lotus Elan class as it was then, made the GT40 Ford a king among cars for those who understood and could drive them. The excellence of the ZF gear-shift was a bonus, and to those who decried the Ford mid-engined coupé on the grounds of heat, noise, and lack of creature-comforts, one could only say, oh shucks, go buy a Viva. In pre-speed-limit times, the GT40, was sheer joy.In 1966, you could buy a new one for £7253.
Over 160 mph in a car which in racing-GT guise took the le Mans Mulsanne straight at around 200 mph, entirely made up for any shortcomings. I recall Wyer's demmo GT40 as a car with the slick gear-change, low build, flames out of the back, the lot! In other words, fun, until you got a flat, and there was zero chance for the jack, or when your shoulder knocked off the master-switch, rendering all the electrics dead. But who cared. Ford has since developed new concepts, like four-wheel-drive, and how ably it shows its superiority in competition, which reflected in Ford being top of the UK sales-league.

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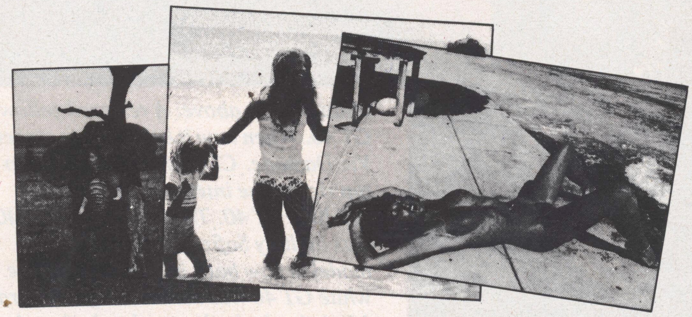

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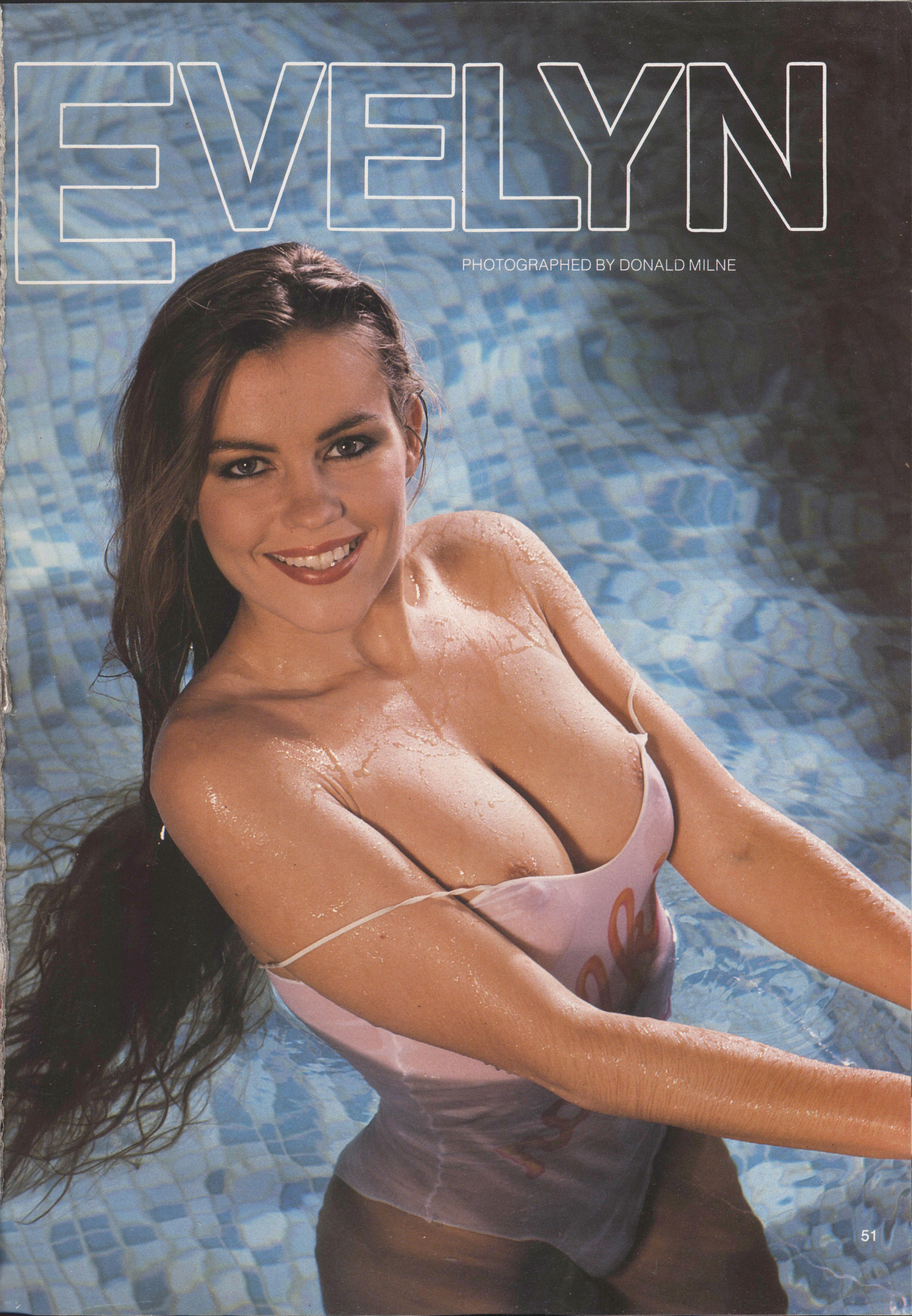
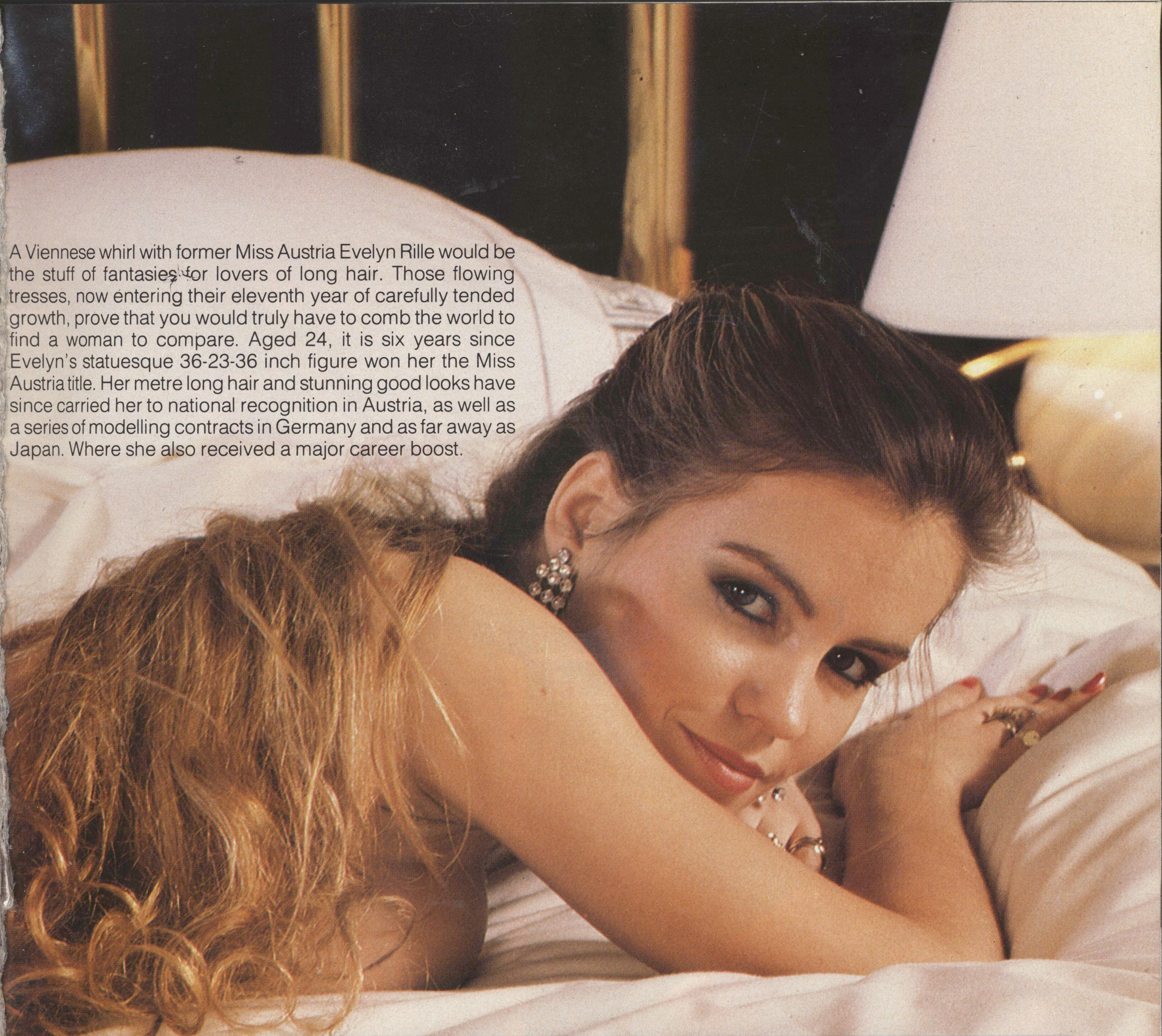
EVELYN

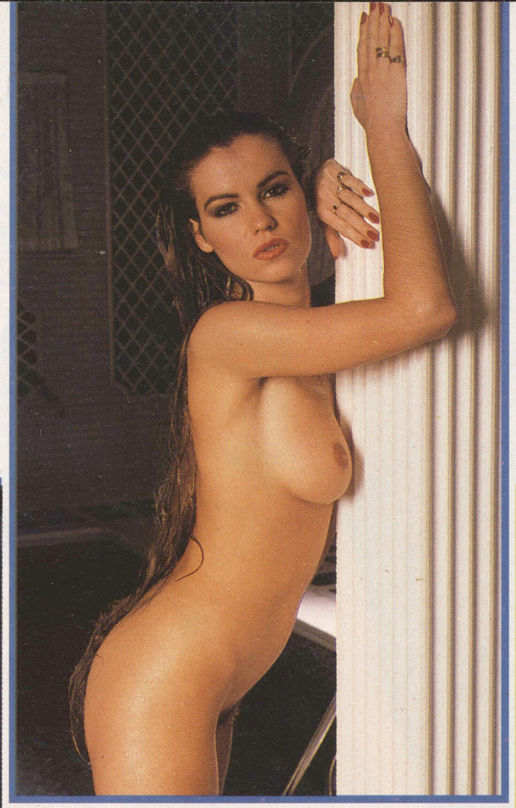
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE



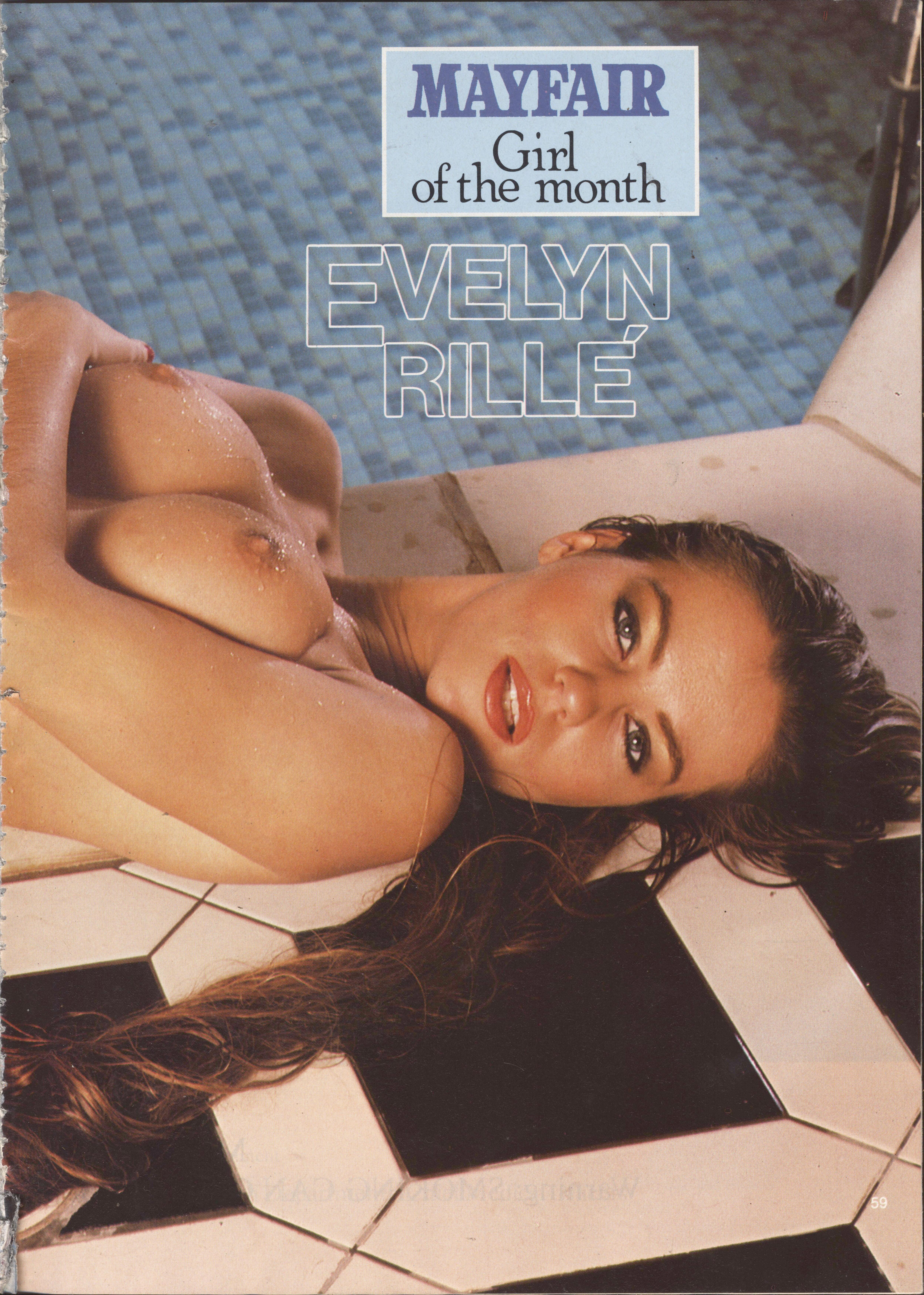


A Viennese whirl with former Miss Austria Evelyn Rille would be the stuff of fantasies for lovers of long hair. Those flowing tresses, now entering their eleventh year of carefully tended growth, prove that you would truly have to comb the world to find a woman to compare. Aged 24, it is six years since Evelyn's statuesque 36-23-36 inch figure won her the Miss Austria title. Her metre long hair and stunning good looks have since carried her to national recognition in Austria, as well as a series of modelling contracts in Germany and as far away as Japan. Where she also received a major career boost.

It was in Japan that Evelyn took part in the celebrated Miss International competition. Sadly she wasn't the outright winner, but the Japanese were so taken with her that she spent three months in all out there doing modelling work. So obviously she's not bitter about the competition: 'It was really great fun and I enjoyed it. Before the competition the girls were all very friendly, but there was a lot of jealousy on the day. I didn't mind because I knew I wouldn't win,' she says. The competition must certainly have been stiff for that to be true. The contest did secure her modelling career, and some lucrative advertising work.



Part of Evelyn's presence may be due to her theatrical background. 'I left school at 15,' she says, 'and then took a course in theatrical make-up. After that I worked for various theatres in Vienna, and enjoyed it very much. What I learned has been very useful to me now that I am a model.' Evelyn lives in her own apartment in Vienna, and her modelling career has really taken off. 'I think it's funny in a way, because I only got into modelling purely by accident. A boyfriend took some photographs of me just for fun. But they were very well received, so I went to an agent, and got work doing commercials and fashion.' Adverts featuring her have appeared on television and at the cinema. She is also frequently startled by finding huge pictures of her glowering down from advertising hoardings. 'It's funny to look up, and see yourself so big like that.' Her advertising work has comprised everything from Mazda TV commercials to work promoting trendy sportswear. Surely, she'd also be a natural for any company that wanted to promote shampoo! Like many a model before, Evelyn is keen on establishing herself in a movie career. 'Preferably co-starring in a film with Sylvester Stallone or Richard Gere,' she says. 'They are my type of man,' she adds. She spends most of her free time driving her own Ford Fiesta racing car, and in previous years has entered for a ladies cup in Germany.


MAYFAIR
Girl of the month
EVELYN RILLÉ

MIDDLE TAR
Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE FATAL

As defined by H.M. Government

DISEASES Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

Holding on for Kendra
continued from page 36
legs crossing the bar lingered in my mind. It required a curate's control to resist the urge to ring her up, and ask her down when I heard her footsteps on my ceiling. But I guessed Kendra wasn't a woman you chased. She'd lead you a song and dance marathon, but if you waited . . .?

She knocked on my door on Wednesday. Without makeup she struck me as vulnerable, bare foot, patched jeans, and a sloppy joe. Irresistible.

'Hi, Si,' she said, and grinned.

She talked me into it. Dinner, Friday at eight. I'd postpone my drive home until Saturday, and as I said 'yes' she plunged in the knife.

'Great! David will be so pleased. He does like you. It'll be a proper *ménage à trois*!'

'Terrific,' I said.

If David did like me he certainly kept it concealed. I suppose he'd been pretty pissed off when he'd trolled round to Kendra's, and found the table laid for three. When I turned up he was about as happy as a bastard on father's day. Kendra didn't help either. She oozed sexuality, carelessly clad in a low cut lace trimmed dress which looked more like a petticoat. David glared at me, and muttered something about my being the new downstairs tenant before sinking back into his chair.

Kendra insisted she took me on a guided tour of the flat, and in the kitchen she stopped rattling on, caught my hand, and then in one sweet movement jammed her mouth on mine, and pushed her tongue against my teeth. I had a momentary press of her slim body against mine, a suggestive shiver, and then she stepped back. Her eyes were gleaming.

'Si, stay until he goes, will you — please?'

'Christ Kendra — what's going on?'

'I'll explain.'

She put a finger to her lips, and then touched it to mine.

As dinner parties go this one didn't beat driving up the motorway in the fog. David and I were both drinking to forget. David was obviously hacked off I was there, and I was annoyed at being conned into being a no man's land between them. Kendra enticed us both, sipping Evian, talking trivia, serving the food, and filling our glasses. She, at least, was enjoying herself. It was while she was out fixing the coffee that David's patience finally broke.

'You making it with her or what?'

He scowled at me drunken eyed across the table.

'All I do is live downstairs, believe me.'

'Yeah, yeah. And I'm the king of fucking Siam. She's *MY* fucking lady.'

'Easy pal.'

'She's such a bitch, you've no idea.'

Kendra drifted in carrying the tray of coffee.

'I don't want you guys telling naughty stories.'

Poor David, poor me. I was waiting for him to go, and he was waiting for me to do the same. Kendra shimmied in front of us, the shape of her breasts showing under the thin material of her dress.

'More coffee, Si?'

David groaned, and levered himself away from the table. He was gone an awful long time but Kendra didn't seem to notice.

'Hadn't you better check on David?'

Kendra pulled at the back of her hair. The gesture was ladled with the erotic, but no doubt she knew.

'He's such a difficult man.'

She sighed, and stood.

'Come with me.'

And then I'll go I thought.

We found David flaked out on Kendra's bed, way down deep in slumberland with his haggard features wiped peaceful by dreams.

'Do you think he's dead?' she whispered.

Kendra innocently looked up into my face.

'Would you care?'

'Oh Si, don't be mean. You're meant to protect me.'

'I'm not convinced I should be here at all.'

She went for me. Threw her arms around my neck, and began suckering my face with wet kisses, and then jamming her hot pink tongue into my mouth as her body arched against mine, and rubbed across my groin bringing up an erection which only encouraged her even more.

She clung to me as if she wanted to climb right into me, and I held her enjoying the shape of her excited body.

'Take me home.'

She breathed in my ear and started worming away with her tongue.

There was no way I could resist. Kendra was blanking out the world, and, after a good deal of body grappling, we managed to stumble through my front door, and roll in an embrace along the corridor wall.

Her hands were playing all sorts of havoc with my clothes, and once she'd managed to undo my trousers, and get her fingers round the turgid flesh of my cock I was pulling her dress up her legs, and then sliding a hand to cup each globe of her sweet pantie-covered bottom.

'Have me up against the wall,' she urged and pressed my cock against her stomach. 'Hang me on this huge great thing!'

I needed no encouragement. I tugged at her panties, she tugged at me, and as she hung onto my neck, and covered me with kisses I lifted apart her thighs, urged her to hold steady, and slipped my penis home.

It was short, exquisite and desperate fucking my upstairs neighbour against the wall. I lunged, Kendra quivered and jolted as I pumped into her. It was only the prelude. Kendra was a wild abandoned creature. Even as I plopped out of her, she was dragging me toward the bedroom, trailing clothing as she went. Her face was fierce as she lay spreadeagled and naked on the duvet with swollen nipples, swollen lips, and the treasure between her gaping legs primed and ready for whatever I could raise to it.

She helped me with her mouth, tickled my balls with her fingers, nipped along my body with her teeth, and watched wide eyed and wanton as the lust in me flowed into my loins.

The second time was an education. The third a miracle as our scratched and bruised bodies tumbled and thrashed on the bed. She'd rolled over on her stomach, and I was shafting her from behind. It was going on for a lifetime. I had one hand ferreting for her clit, my prick sliding in and out, my other hand grabbing for her tits, and she'd bent her head to one side, and was greedy for my tongue.

I was enchanted. I'd never known a woman who revelled in such a feast of sex, churning and moaning under me, shuddering with her own enjoyment as with a final explosive pistoning I climaxed into her.

I felt fragile. Kendra seemed sated. She shifted, smiled and tucked herself against me holding my body as I stared up at the ceiling, and mused over the turn of events. Poor David, lucky me . . .

The music sounded loud from above. Joni Mitchell's *Dog Eat Dog* at maximum volume until half way through the first track.

'You say ''You're naive!''
Synchronized — like magic —
Good friends you and me'

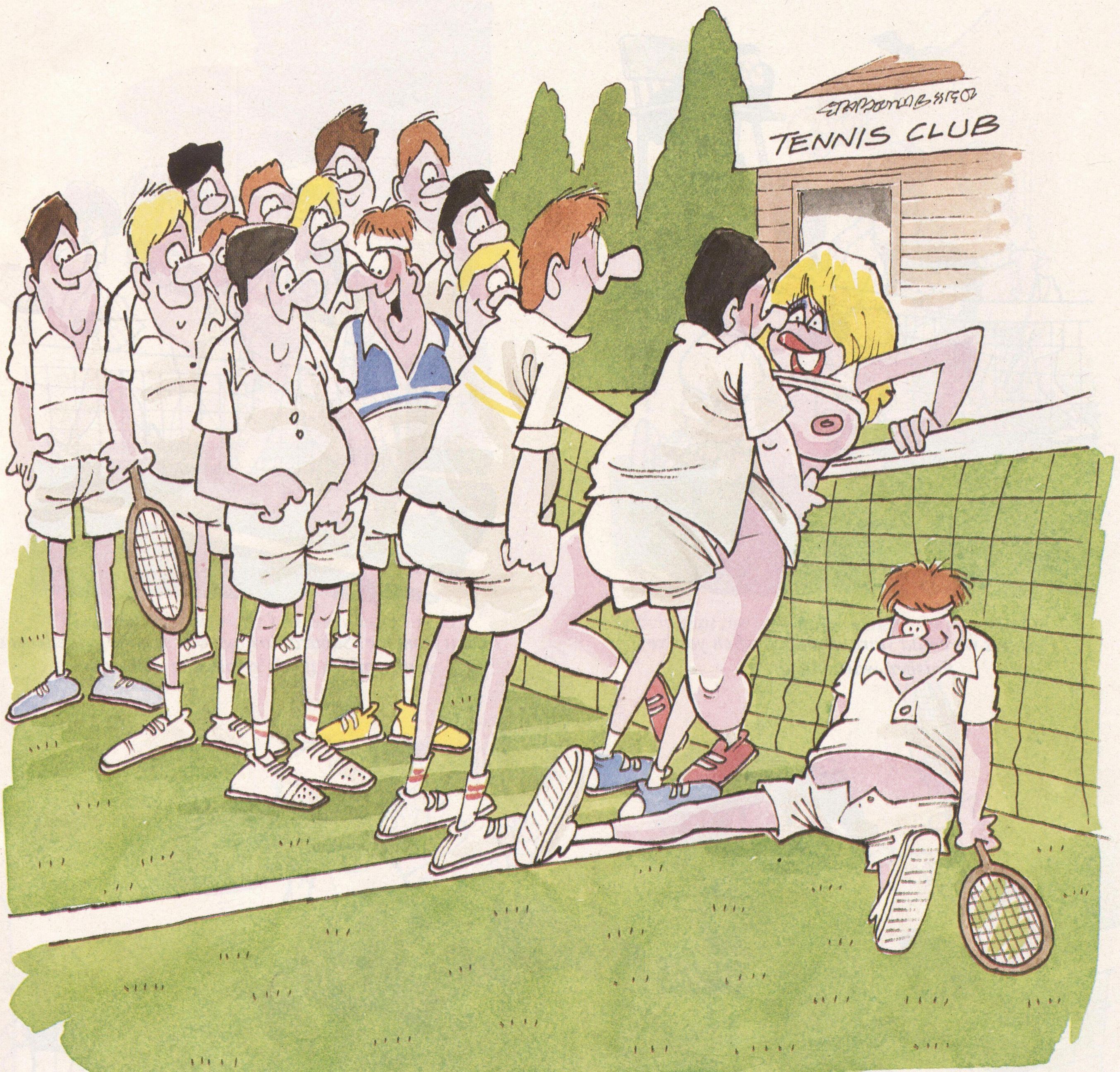
There was a crash. The music stopped. Heavy footsteps clumped on the floor, a door slammed, more steps scraped in the pavement outside. They stopped, and I stiffened. Kendra squirmed. Then the steps started, and receded into the night.

'And I like that track,' giggled Kendra. 'Good friends you and me.'

She'd gone by dawn leaving the scent of her body in my sheets, and a pair of scrunched up panties in the hall. I had to get on. My mates were expecting me back at home, and all weekend I was recalling her frantic body toiling against mine, and anticipating our reunion. Just before I left for the drive back I decided to ring her. There were four rings, a clunk and then her poxy answering machine. It wasn't even her voice, some plum in the mouth stand-in with a message saying Ms Savage wasn't in. Beeep!

'Kendra — it's Simon, I'll ring you later.'

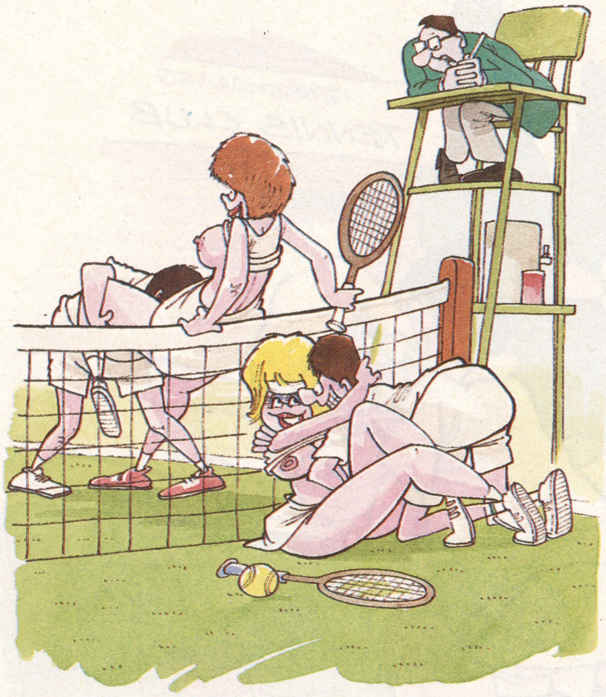
'Well you insisted I open the door.'



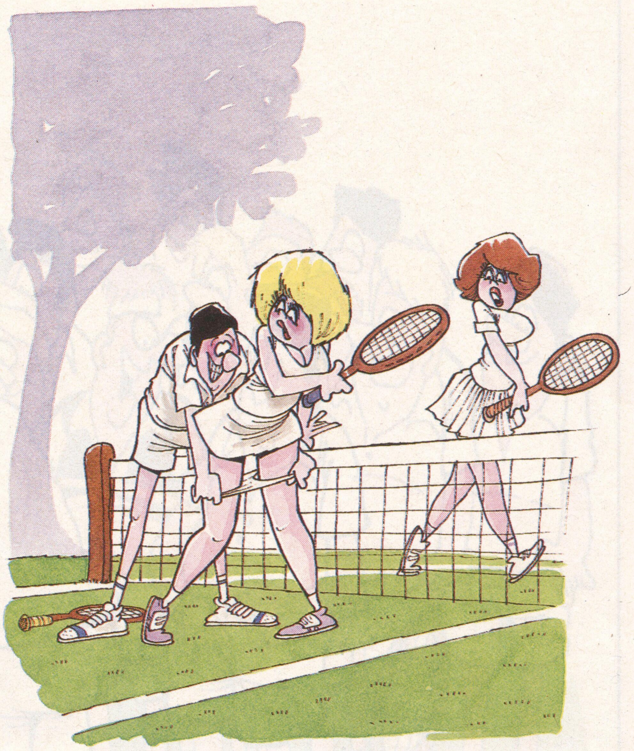
'I don't think Miss Johnson quite understands the meaning of "Love fifteen".'

Set, Match – but mainly Games

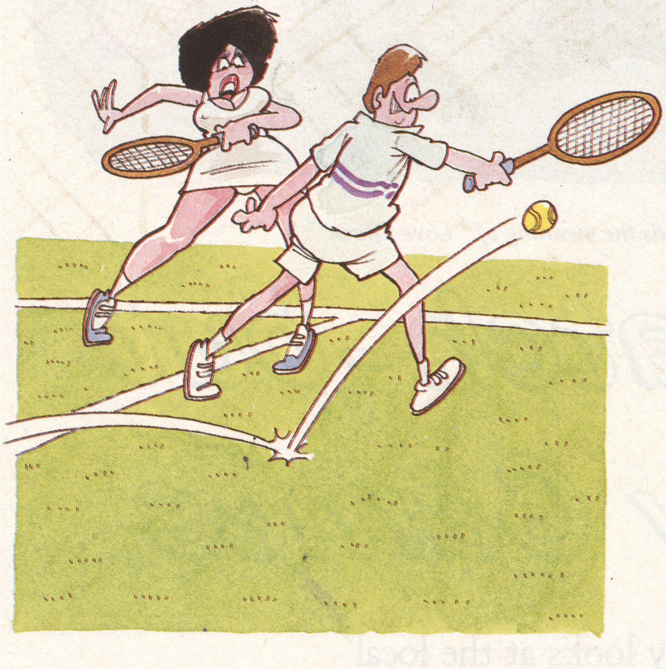
Cartoonist Anthony looks at the local tennis club scene, and serves a few aces of his own that give a whole new meaning to mixed doubles



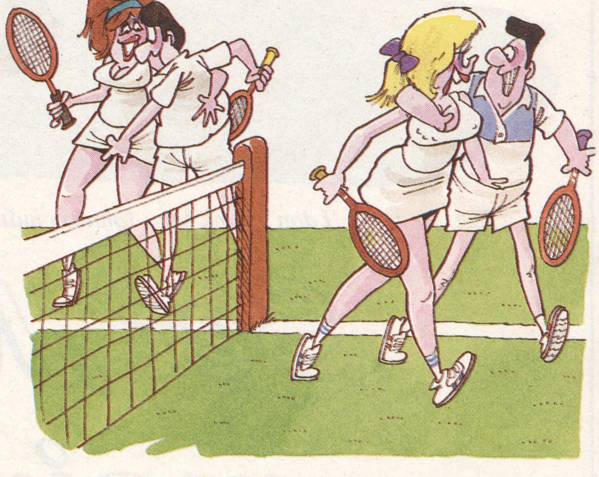
'Perhaps we could start the match when you've finished warming up.'



'Take it from me, Sandra, losing your service is the least of your worries if you're playing with John.'

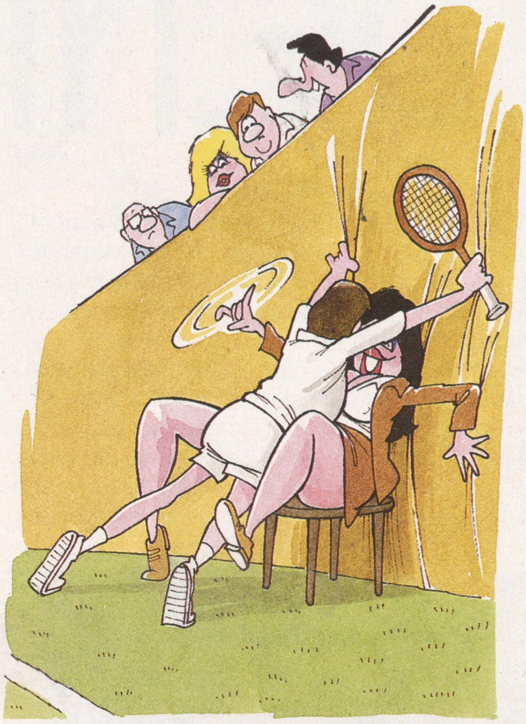


'A word about your backhand, Mr Taylor...'

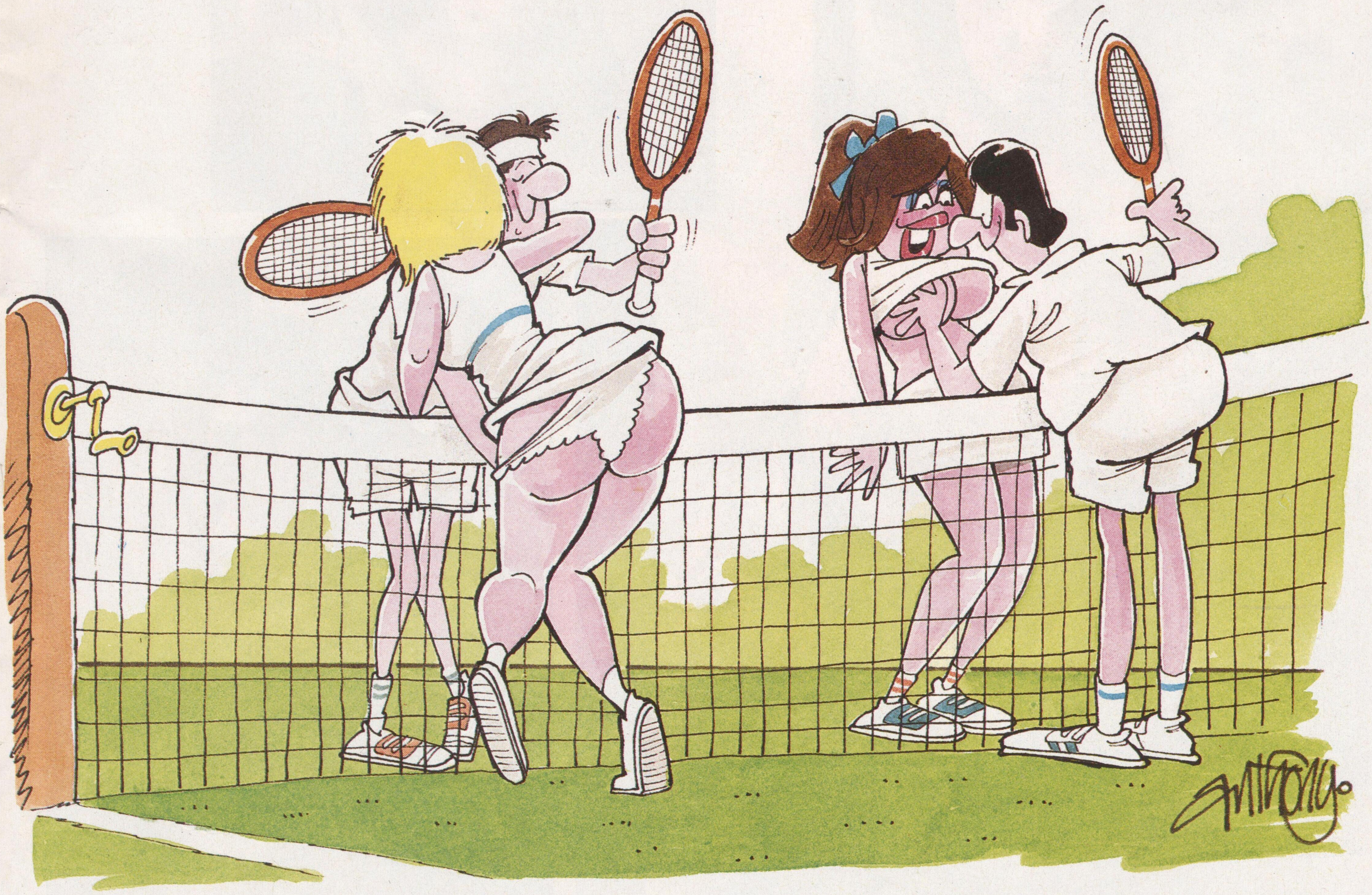


'I had no idea you changed partners as well as changing ends.'

'I see that the rain hasn't entirely stopped play.'



'I do believe that the line judge is indicating that it's in.'



'Well, I must say it's friendlier than shaking hands.'

DENISE

W.F. of Caterham you were wrong! And so were a lot of other readers who mistook 22-year-old Denise Marsh for *Brookside* actress Justine Kerrington, who plays the soap opera's favourite saucebox — Tracy Corkhill. Denise, who first appeared in Vol 21, No 2, stirred up a riot of correspondence on her *Mayfair* debut. Some were sure she was the *Brookside* actress, some just thought her a lookalike. All were united in wanting to see more of this shapely 36-24-34 Manchester lass. Ever willing to oblige, here she is. Last time we featured her, just like Tracy, she was considering a career in hairdressing, but no more.

At present she is waiting to hear from a number of drama schools who are considering her application for a place. Does this mean goodbye to modelling? 'I'm afraid it does,' she says. Still it's fortunate that she's going out on a high note with this return to *Mayfair*. Denise, who has only recently returned from Florida, has now moved out of her native home in Sale, in South Manchester, and moved to Brighton where she is working as a swimming instructor. 'I find swimming is the best way to tone up,' she says, 'it really keeps my body looking and feeling in great shape.' She can often be found displaying her charms on Brighton's popular nude beaches, an obvious boost to the region's tourism.

When last we saw her, Denise was singing the praises of karate and was then a yellow belt. Is she still as keen? 'No, I've had to give it up,' she says regretfully.' Too many bruises. Not really what your average photographer wants to spot during a shoot.' She has kept up her love of motorcycle trials, though, and is still tempted to take to her bike for a quick 'burn'. This is, of course, if she's not going to the London nightspot she calls *'Strings'* and we know as *Stringfellows*.

THE MAYFAIR

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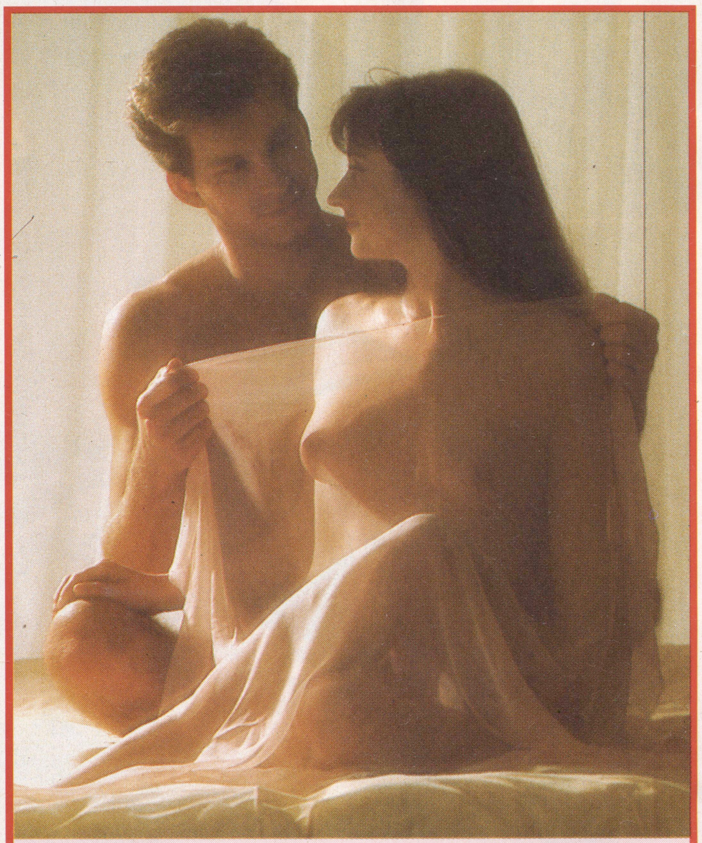

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GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Reaching a remote cottage in the foothills of the Alps, a mountain climber knocked on the door and asked for shelter for the night.
The cottage owner immediately invited him in and introduced his wife and daughter.
'As we have only two beds you can double up with my daughter,' said the owner. 'But I warn you — no hanky-panky!'
The mountain climber promised he would be the perfect gentleman and retired.
Next morning the owner woke to find his wife and daughter with sickly grins on their faces, and the climber gone.
Rushing out, he spotted the climber on top of a nearby Alp. 'Bastard!' he called. 'You screwed my daughter!'
The mountain climber cupped his hands and yodelled: 'And your old lady too — oo — oo. .!'

An elegant woman swathed in furs and expensive jewellery pushed her way to the head of a theatre queue, only to be stopped by a newly employed usher.
'I insist you let me pass,' she declared loudly. 'I have a mezzanine box.'
'I don't care if you've got brass tits,' snapped the usher. 'You wait in the queue like everybody else.'

An insatiable yearning to mate
Caused a skateboarding nympho named Kate
To pursue her male prey
In this hazardous way
And at an incredible rate

A young man was obsessed with tractors. His book shelves were filled with tractor books, tractor models filled every available space in his house, and he even had tractor pictures on his walls.
It was no surprise, then, when he visited his local agricultural show that he made straight for the marquee containing the latest example of tractor technology. Inside he found the most magnificent tractor he had ever seen — turbo-charged, air-conditioned, incredibly powerful — a veritable Cadillac of the cornfields.
Unfortunately a barrier prevented the young man from actually laying his hands on his dream machine. The temptation was too much. Leaping over the barrier, he climbed into the driving cab, and was playing with the steering wheel when a security guard demanded to know what he was doing.
For five minutes the young man waxed eloquent on the joys of tractors, how he lived, breathed and slept tractors, and would do anything just to touch such a magnificent example as this.
'Fine,' said the security guard at length. 'Now piss off, you little freak, and don't come back or I'll duff you up.'
Deeply shocked, the young man slunk away. Suddenly he saw himself as others did — an obsessive, a freak. On the spot he vowed to grow up and turn his back on tractors.
Spotting a pub nearby, he went straight in and ordered a stiff drink to toast his decision. As he drank, there was a rumble in the inglenook chimney and an enormous pile of soot fell into the fireplace, spreading a fine spray of dark specks over everything in the room.
'Oh my God!' cried the landlord. 'This place'll be full of my regulars in five minutes. What on earth can I do?'
'Have no fear, landlord,' declared the young man. Taking a mighty breath, he immediately sucked up every particle of soot in the bar, went to the window and blew it all outside.
'That's absolutely incredible!' the landlord gasped. 'How did you manage it?'
'No problem,' said the young man. 'I'm an ex-tractor fan.'

Did you hear about the beautiful nudist who sat on a strange man's lap, and openly admitted it?

A man staggered into a pub, clutching his throat, his eyes half closed.
'Give me three double gins and tonics!' he gasped as he collapsed against the bar.
The barman poured the drinks, and watched with growing curiosity as the man quickly downed all three.
'What was that all about?' he asked at last.
'I've just experienced my first blow job,' the man replied.'
'Oh I see,' the barman chuckled. 'Celebrating are we?'
'You're joking,' the customer grimaced. 'The gins are to take the taste away.'

Two lawyers were getting dressed after an energetic game of squash when one noticed his companion struggling into a wasp-waisted corset with particularly alluring suspenders.
'Good Lord,' said the first. 'This is an unexpected side to your character. How long have you been wearing that?'
'Ever since my wife found it down the back seat of my car,' the other said glumly.

Confucius say: He who makes love to a flat-chested woman has good reason for feeling down.

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Over the Moon

continued from page 28

seconds later, overriding the remote system, and they straightened up, and flew right. 'I don't know what the hell that was babe,' said Cernan. 'I'll tell you there was a moment there...' No listeners needed him to finish the sentence.

Docking with *Charlie Brown* was successfully completed, as was the burn back into Earth trajectory. Apollo 10 splashed down in the Pacific under her three parachutes, floating the right way up, for once, and so near to recovery vessel USS *Princeton* that the crew were picked up and brought aboard within 39 minutes. Delighted Houston ground teams stuck up a poster in Mission Control reading '51 days to launch.'

And so it came to the big one — Apollo 11, the moon landing. Launch time for this most hazardous adventure in the history of mankind was set for July 13, 1969, from Pad 39A at the Kennedy Space Centre. It was a brilliantly clear sunny day as 8,000 VIPs and 2,000 journalists crammed themselves into the viewing area some three and a half miles from the launch pad, while an estimated one million sightseers crowded the immediate vicinity to catch a glimpse of the lift-off, and countless millions around the world were glued to their TV sets for the same purpose.

Mission commander was a civilian, Neil Armstrong, 38, described by his colleagues as 'probably the best test pilot in the world.' He earned his first pilot's licence at the age of 16, and then took a Navy scholarship to continue flying. By 1951 he was with a jet fighter squadron in Korea, flying 78 combat missions, and escaping once, after being shot down behind enemy lines. He was decorated three times. Subsequently, as a civilian, he had graduated to high performance test flying at Edwards Air Force Base, taking the experimental X15 rocket plane seven times to an altitude of 39 miles. As an astronaut, he had been back-up on Gemini 5, and commander of Gemini 8. Now he sat in the left seat of the Command Module.

Occupant of the middle couch was Colonel Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin, USAF, 3, who would be the LM pilot. He started young as well, although he went to West Point before qualifying as a pilot in 1952. He, too, was in Korea, flying 66 combat missions, and downing two Mig 15 fighters. Later, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he was awarded a doctorate on a thesis of 'Guidance for Manned Orbital Rendezvous', which earned him considerable Brownie points at NASA, who recruited him as an astronaut. He had been back-up on one of the early Gemini missions, and crew member on Gemini 12, the last of that series. The nickname 'Buzz' had stuck with him since schooldays, his wife, Joan, once described him as 'a curious mixture of magnificent confidence bordering on conceit, and humility.'

'and you've missed a bit there as well...'

The 'third man', occupying the right hand couch, was the CM pilot, Lieutenant Colonel Michael Collins, USAF, 38, who had flown in one of the late Gemini missions, a qualified astronaut, who had subsequently been grounded by the medics because of a loose disc in his neck, causing trouble with his spinal cord. He underwent two serious operations to make himself fit again. It would be his rather boring and frustrating, but totally essential, job to orbit the Moon endlessly in the CM, christened *Columbia* — from Jules Verne's fictional space ship — while his fellow astronauts had all the fun in the LM, named *Eagle*.

Lift off was at 9.32 am and went faultlessly, watched, among all the others, by Charles Lindbergh and ex-President Lyndon Johnson, who had backed the Apollo programme to the hilt. First there was a dense, white cloud of liquid oxygen pouring onto the launch pad, followed by bright orange flames, and the Saturn V rocket lifted, oh so slowly, off Pad 39A, using 15 tons of fuel per second, until it overcame gravitational forces, and boosted Apollo 11 up to a height of 41 miles. The first stage was then jettisoned, and the second stage took over, which brought them into Earth orbit at a height of 110 miles and a speed of 17,400 mph.

On their second orbit, over Western Australia, they were given the OK for TLI (trans lunar injection), and the third stage of the Saturn gave them a burn of five minutes 47 seconds, which put them on their way at 24,545 mph. Even Armstrong — another Mr Cool — sounded elated when he reported to Houston: 'We have no complaint with any of the three stages on that ride... It was beautiful.'

Next came one of the vital manoeuvres of the operation, and this was the responsibility of Michael Collins as CM pilot. First he had to disengage very gently from the third stage of the Saturn rocket to a distance of 100 feet, and then turn *Columbia* through 180 degrees, and nose in to where *Eagle* was housed in the container section. With the protective panels of the third stage discarded, he lined up cross hairs, and plugged the nose probe of *Columbia* into the backside of *Eagle*. Twelve docking latches were closed and the two craft became as one. Backing off gently, Collins gave the A-OK to Houston who vented the remaining fuel from Saturn's stage three, and sent it off on an endless orbit round the Sun.

The next three days were occupied mainly in housekeeping chores, with occasional TV broadcasts, all of which were highly successful. The stage three final burn was so accurate that only one of the four planned mid-course corrections was needed. As they came into lunar orbit, CAPCOM Charlie Duke gave them a news flash from *Pravda* saying that in Russia Neil Armstrong was being called *The Czar of the ship*. 'I think maybe they got the wrong mission,' he added.

They took four revolutions around the Moon to stabilise into a perfectly circular orbit of 70 miles, which would save *Columbia* from using up any more fuel. On each revolution they were out of touch with Houston for about half an hour, as they crossed the dark side of the Moon, and it was on Sunday, July 20 at 8 am, Houston time, that Apollo 11 went behind the Moon for her tenth revolution.

By now Armstrong and Aldrin had donned their bulky space suits, and had moved along the docking tunnel into *Eagle*. As they prepared for their twelfth orbit, CAPCOM, Charlie Duke, gave them the go-ahead, 'Apollo, Houston. We're go for undocking.' Collins replied 'Roger. There will be no television... I'm too busy with other things.' Separation between the two craft took place on the dark side of the Moon, and there was some bated breath in Houston, until Armstrong came on the air to say: 'The *Eagle* has wings.'

Then followed the most breathless moments, with Mission Control in Houston crammed to the doors with NASA personnel, from administrators to astronauts and engineers — anyone who had a security pass was there. *Eagle* started her momentous voyage by firing the descent engine, and ground control could hear Aldrin saying: 'Hang tight. We're go: 20,000 feet,' followed by staccato messages, like 600 feet (altitude) down at 19 (feet per second)...500 feet, down at 15, and so on until *Eagle* was so close to the surface she was stirring up the grey dust.

It was at this point that Mission Control advised them that they only had seconds fuel left in the descent engine. Then came Aldrin's voice again: 'Good, 40 feet, down two and a half. Picking up some dust... Faint shadow. Forward... drifting right... contact light. OK, engine stop.' They had 20 seconds fuel left in the descent engine. 'We copy you down *Eagle*,' said Duke, to receive a reply from Armstrong which will probably go down in the history books: 'Houston, Tranquility Base here. The *Eagle* has landed.'

Scenes of elation in Mission Control were nearing hysteria, when CAPCOM Charlie Duke said: 'Roger, Tranquility, we copy you on the ground. You've got a bunch of guys about to turn blue. We're breathing again. Thanks a lot.' Poor lonely Michael Collins broke in: 'And don't forget the one in the command module... I was missing all the action.' To which Charlie Duke, clearly sensitive of Collins' frustrating role in the proceedings, replied: 'Rog, *Columbia*... Say something, they ought to be able to hear you.' 'Tranquility Base,' said Collins, 'it sure sounded great from up here. You guys did a fantastic job.' Armstrong replied with obvious sincerity: 'Thank you. Just keep that orbiting base ready for us up there now.'

Although a four hour rest period had been planned at this stage, both Armstrong and Aldrin were too excited to sleep, and wanted to get ashore, so Houston agreed. It took the astronauts two hours to suit up with all manner of systems checks, donning the clumsy back packs and depressurizing the cabin before around 9.30 pm Houston time, when Aldrin announced: 'The hatch is opening.' Then came Armstrong: 'OK Houston, I'm on the porch.'

Making his slow and awkward, way down the short ladder, he stopped at the bottom rung: 'I'm at the foot of the ladder. The LM now...' followed by the unforgettable words: 'That's one small step...'

Armstrong began to prowl around the Moon

turn to page 89

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JENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

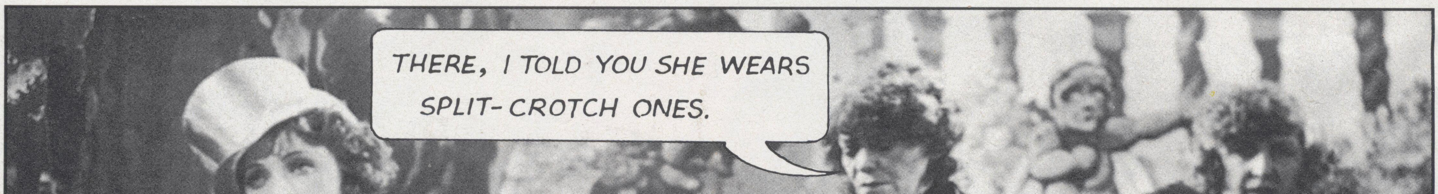
Twenty-six-year-old Jenny Taylor is the original Doncaster Rover. Born in the well-to-do Doncaster suburb of Bessacar, Jenny has disported her 34-22-35 inch frame up and down the country promoting aerobics. Jenny has put them all through their paces, from the gluttons of Gloucestershire to the scoffers of Scotland. She has helped them all fight the flab as a freelance fitness teacher, holding classes wherever she can get enough attendees.

'I was made redundant a few years ago,' she says, 'and the small amount of money I got was just enough to set myself up doing this. I tell all my classes that sex is one of the best forms of exercise there is. You should see the looks on some of the old dears' faces, when I say how many calories a good bonk can burn up.' And what about sex in a jacuzzi, does that use up more? 'Depends on how many times you do it,' she replies with a smile.

The Golden Age of cinema has given us a vast heritage of classic film moments, but some of them look a trifle overblown by current standards. Clive Harris takes a look back in the archives and, with a few pointed words, reduces the historical to the hysterical

SCREEN PLAY

The climatic confrontation scene from *King Kong* (1935)



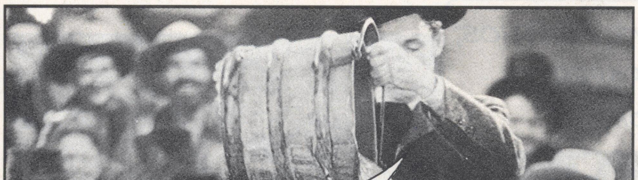
Marlene Dietrich as Lola Lola in 1930's *The Blue Angel*

Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone in
The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)

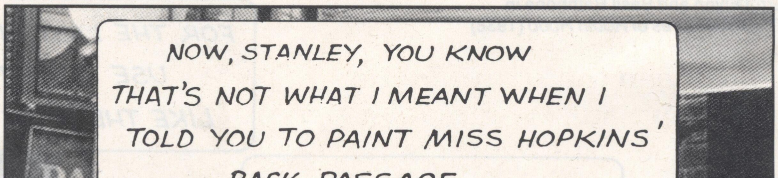
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in the 1935 musical *Top Hat*

Douglas Fairbanks in the 1921 epic *The Three Musketeers*

The Marx Brothers in the state room sequence from the 1935 comedy *A Night at the Opera*



Marlene Dietrich, and James Stewart in (1939) *Destry Rides Again*



Laurel and Hardy in the 1927 classic *The Second Hundred Years*

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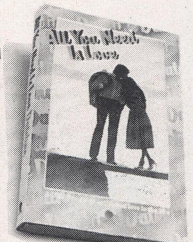

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LUCKY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON BERNARD

Leggy-blonde Clayre Sanders gets a lot of attention from men, especially on the football field. For this self-confessed tomboy, known more affectionately to her friends as 'Lucky', loves nothing better than an active kick-around with a bunch of burly, socks around-the-ankle, footballers. 'It must be my northern blood,' laughs 34B-24-34 inch Lucky with a wiggle of her slender hips which prove so distracting on the football field. Born in Newcastle, 20-year-old Lucky looks very feminine despite her love of football and bikes.

'I'm your original greasy biker, and rock 'n' roller at heart if the truth be told,' she says. 'Although it's great to pose in all this sexy underwear, I'm a real ripped-jeans-merchant, especially when I'm rocking it down at the aptly named *Mayfair* club in Newcastle with my band the *Space Kadetz*.' Like her lifestyle, the band's motto is 'dangerous but worth the risk.' 'It's great fun fronting a band, but I get my biggest kicks out of biking. Even though once with a friend on the Isle of Man, I fell off the back of his bike.'

'Luckily, I only weigh 6 stone, so I didn't hurt myself, even though my friend went 10 miles before he realised I had fallen off. Perhaps because I escaped unhurt it explains my nickname.' After a busy day's biking, Lucky likes to relax with a few drinks.

'I've invented a cocktail called *A Slick Black Cadillac,* which is really strong. You knock back as many as you can, and when you can only slur the drink's name, you know you've had enough,' she laughs. 'But that's me, I love to do everything to excess, and live to the full.'

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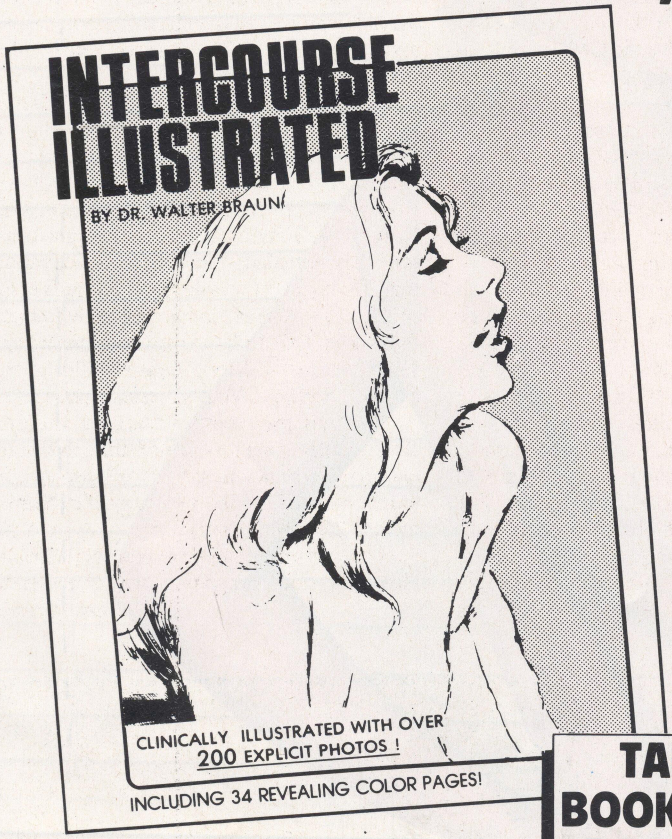

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Over the Moon
continued from page 74
surface, collecting rock samples, an essential priority experiment, in case the voyage was suddenly aborted, while an impatient Buzz Aldrin, who had been a frustrated onlooker for 15 minutes, asked, 'Are you ready for me to come out?' Armstrong agreed. As Aldrin left the hatch, he paused, and said, 'Now I want to back up, and partially close the hatch, making sure not to lock it on my way out.' 'A particularly good thought,' agreed Armstrong.

For two and a half hours the astronauts plodded around the Moon's surface, collecting rock samples, setting up a seismometer, and laser reflector, planting the Stars and Stripes on a flagstaff with a rigid topline, so that the flag as always extended on the airless and windless Moon, and leaving a plaque with the words: 'Here Men from the planet Earth first set foot upon the Moon, July, 1969 AD. We came in peace for all Mankind.'

There was also a memorial tablet for Gagarin, Grissom, and all the other astro- or cosmonauts, who had died to date on the way to the stars; and a rather embarrassing telephone call from President Nixon in the Oval Room at the White House, described by NASA as the longest long-distance telephone call in man's history.

Ordered back into *Eagle*, the first two men on the Moon spent several hours dumping surplus rubbish on the surface, divesting themselves of bulky back-packs, re-pressurising the LM cabin, and even trying to get a few hours sleep. Then after 21 and a half hours on the Moon, *Eagle* was given go for ascent.

This was the next most cruicial episode in the operation, and there was some nail-biting in Houston as Aldrin's unemotional voice came to them with the countdown 'Nine, eight, seven, six, five — abort stage, engine arm ascent, proceed.' Then the good news: 'That was beautiful, 26, 36 feet per second up... Very smooth... Very quiet ride.'

Mild hysteria followed in Houston as the ascent engine gave *Eagle* a burn of a little over seven minutes to put her in Moon orbit, later to successfully marry up with *Columbia,* where a lonely Michael Collins was delighted to see them back. The craft were now once more addressed as Apollo rather than *Columbia* and *Eagle*.

Then it was time to dispense with *Eagle*, and after *Columbia's* 30th orbit of the Moon, *Eagle* was shunted off into eternal orbit before the TEI (trans Earth injection) gave the CM a vital burn of two and a half minutes for the home run. The burn took place on the dark side of the Moon, so it was another anxious ten minutes for Houston before Charlie Duke was able to ask. 'How did it go? Over.' Armstrong replied: 'Time to open up the LRL (lunar receiving laboratory) doors, Charlie,' to which Duke gratefully replied: 'Roger. We got you coming home.'

The TEI had given them a mighty boost, which would last 60 hours, giving the three men some much needed rest, and once again was so accurate that only one minor course correction was needed. Two TV spectaculars followed, in one of which Collins demonstrated weightlessness by squirting water into a teaspoon, and then turning it upside down, showing the water remained in the spoon. The final broadcast ended with a brief speech by each of the astronauts.

Neil Armstrong declared 'A hundred years ago, Jules Verne wrote a book about a voyage to the moon. His spaceship, *Columbiad,* took off from Florida and landed in the Pacific Ocean, after completing a trip to the moon... It seems appropriate to us to share with you some of the reflections of the crew as the modern day *Columbia* completes its rendezvous with the planet Earth and the same Pacific Ocean tomorrow.'

Then came Michael Collins in praise of the Space Centre back-up teams of engineers, administrators, and people generally involved in mission planning, flight control and crew training. Finally, Buzz Aldrin discussed 'the more symbolic aspects of the flight, ending up with a verse from the Psalms: 'When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou are mindful of him.'

CAPCOM came on with a lengthy news bulletin, announcing that Apollo 11 had scooped over 60 per cent of all media coverage world-wide with congratulations from such individuals as Premier Kosygin, Prime Minister Harold Wilson and the King of the Belgians. On a more light-hearted note they revealed: 'The Italian police reported that Sunday night was the most crime-free night of the year. And in London a boy who had the faith to bet five dollars with a bookie that a man would reach the Moon before 1970 collected 24,000 dollars. That's pretty good odds.'

As the crew prepared for their last weightless sleep, Collins was informed that tomorrow's splashdown area was subject to heavy seas and thunderstorms, so the recovery area had been moved 250 miles down range. At six o'clock next morning they awoke to news bulletins from Houston, and separated from the Service
turn to page 91

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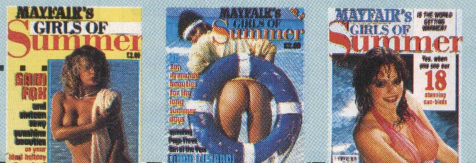

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Over the Moon

continued from page 89

Module, firing its thrusters to remove it to a safe distance. The Service Module would burn up on re-entry, while *Columbia* turned her heat shield towards the Earth's atmosphere. She came home at 27,000 mph, the crew pressed against their couches by a force of 6.5g, watching the orange/yellow flames flare past them as the heat shield encountered temperatures of around 3,000 degrees Centigrade.

Splashdown was trouble-free some 13 miles from the carrier *Hornet*. *Columbia* landed upside down, but soon righted herself when flotation bags were inflated to give her a stable posture, while helicopters and the carrier raced to the scene. Collins came on the radio saying: 'All crew excellent. Take your time.'

Then came the endless safety precautions, designed to prevent any harmful Moon organisms being released on Earth. Frogmen, dropped by helicopter, handed biological isolation garments through the hatch, and, once donned, the three men boarded a rubber boat, where they were sprayed with disinfectant, and scrubbed with iodine solution. They were then helicoptered back to *Hornet*, where they were immediately entombed in a converted holiday trailer called the 'mobile quarantine facility' (MQF), while their capsule was decontaminated and sealed, also to be removed to Houston.

Although in isolation, they could now have proper showers and shaves, and wave to President Nixon through a window. Then they were flown, still in the MQF, to Ellington Air Force Base, where they were allowed to wave to their wives, and thence to Houston, where they and their Moon samples were incarcerated until August 10, while they underwent debriefing sessions, and medical checks, which eventually proved that all three were perfectly healthy, and that no organisms at all had been brought back with them.

What followed was the inevitable attention of the media and the public at large, which went on through August and September, with dinners, receptions, TV interviews, motorcades, ticker tape processions, and all the ballyhoo with which conquering heroes are welcomed home.

None of the three astronauts ever flew in space again. Collins went into politics for a while, then became Director of the National Air and Space Museum at the Smithsonian Institution. Aldrin returned to the USAF as commander of Edwards Air Force Base Test Pilots School, and later went into research and engineering fields, coming back into the Houston arena as a consultant on the development of the space shuttle. Armstrong, too, left NASA to take up an academic post as Professor of Engineering at the University of Cincinnati.

Perhaps their views are best summed up by Buzz Aldrin who said: 'This has been far more than three men on a voyage to the moon... This stands as a symbol of the insatiable curiosity of all mankind of explore the unknown.'

Since then, of course, there have been six further voyages to the Moon, five of which put two men ashore, including 'Pete' Conrad, on Apollo 12, who was only five feet six and a half inches, and said on stepping off the LM ladder, 'Whoopee! Man that may have been a small one for Neil, put that's a long one for me.'

But, for all those later voyages, including that of the ill-fated Apollo 13, which never landed, came back under jury rig, and only just made it home, the magic would never quite be the same again.

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EVE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNE SKAIBAEK

You'll never find Eve Denning happier than when she's got the sun on her back, and the sand between her toes. For this self-confessed lover of the beach-life, prefers nothing better than whiling away her freetime on the rugged beaches of the North-Devon coast. 'That's me down to a tee,' laughs this curvaceous 23-year-old. 'I was brought up in a small coastal town just outside Ilfracombe, so you could say the sea has played a major part in my life,' adds 34-22-34 inch Eve, with a teasing twirl of her sun-bronzed body. During the summer months, she runs a souvenir shop with a friend, selling everything from Devon clotted-cream to kiss-me-quick hats. 'It's absolute murder during the high season, so I think I deserve my lazy days on the beach, soaking up the sun with friends,' she says.

The rest of the year she spends ordering stock, and helping out behind the bar at her local yachting club. 'I'm not really a career person like a lot of people I know. The thought of moving to a big city like London, fills me with fear. I even find it hard to consider myself as glamorous. I'm your typical girl-next-door type. But that suits me.'

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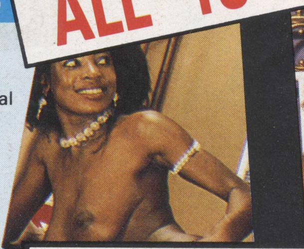

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QUEST

Jealousy is one of the most intractable of problems in sexual relationships, however 'open' the people involved may claim to be. This month Quest examines how two women and a man dealt with this emotion, and the unexpectedly erotic outcome of their various reactions

Quest: Why do you think jealousy has been such a problem in your sexual relationship?
Lawyer: I never really saw it as *my* problem. I've always been independent. I didn't see any harm in the odd adventure, especially if your partner didn't know about it. Not that I tried to hide things. I always said, if a boyfriend was desperate to go to bed with someone, go ahead. It surprised me that they didn't do it more often than they did.
Quest: Did these boyfriends have much in common?
Lawyer: They tended to be quiet, reliable types — more reliable than me, anyway! I'm fairly extrovert. I trained as a barrister. But opposites generally attract.
Quest: Who usually made the first approach in these relationships?
Lawyer: I can't remember. I don't have any qualms about going up to someone if I see that we *are* attracted to each other.
Quest: Wouldn't most men be unlikely to reject an attractive young woman approaching them first?
Lawyer: You tell me!
Quest: And a quieter, more reliable man be less likely to initiate a sexual approach, and less likely to succeed when he does?
Lawyer: Possibly.
Quest: Were you always as adventurous?
Lawyer: No. When I was 18 I fell very heavily in love with a man of 34. He was a teacher who was supposed to coach me before I re-sat my 'A' Levels. But he taught me much more about sex

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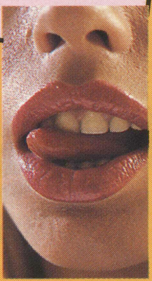

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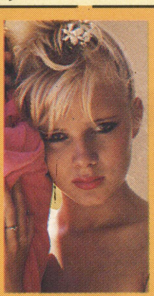

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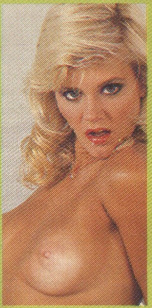

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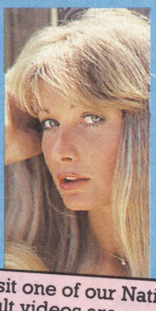

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and relationships. I actually lost my virginity to him.

Quest: How did that happen?

Lawyer: He used to see me at home a couple of evenings a week. I fancied him enormously, but I never dreamed he thought that way about me. Then one night we were doing Shakespeare — I always remember it as *Romeo and Juliet*, but I'm sure it wasn't. We were sitting next to each other at the dining room table, and he just went scarlet. I wasn't *that* close to him. But it didn't dawn on me until later that he'd got turned on. So next time I changed the day until it was a night my parents were out, and suggested we use the desk in my bedroom, because there was more room — in fact there was much less!

Quest: And he made a pass?

Lawyer: We started kissing, and he kept saying, 'This is very wrong, but we'll just be close for a while. . . we'll just have a cuddle. Right until we were on my little bed, doing it!

Quest: Did the relationship last?

Lawyer: We planned to get a flat while I was at university. He said he'd told his wife about us, and was only staying with her until they'd sorted out what to do about their child. Then one day I saw them all together in a local park. His wife was very pretty, and obviously besotted with him. I knew he couldn't have mentioned anything about me. He admitted it when I next saw him, and that he still loved her. After that I promised myself I'd never get trapped in that sort of situation again.

Quest: Until you met your fiance?

Lawyer: Yes, but Craig fooled me. He's a bit of a dark horse. He *is* quiet, but it's nothing to do with shyness or diffidence. If he wants something, he'll get it.

Quest: How did you meet?

Lawyer: We worked together. We were organising a share flotation for a company he worked for, so we spent a lot of time together. I thought he was attractive, but fairly dour — I wasn't really sure if he found me attractive. I was reasonably content with the man I was living with. Then, the night we sewed up our work, he took me out to dinner. Oddly enough, he chose a restaurant where my boyfriend was eating out with friends. We nodded, and I pointed him out to Craig, who immediately said, 'Looks a bit of a wimp to me.' Which was actually fairly accurate, but a bit rude! So I asked him if this dinner was a date or business. He said, 'It just became a date.' I must admit I was intrigued by that degree of confidence, and equally sure that I wouldn't let him get away with anything.

Quest: Did you?

Lawyer: That's a matter of opinion. We went back to his flat for coffee, and he showed me round. When we got to the bedroom, he said, 'Why don't you take the weight off your feet?' I said I'd only come for coffee. He said, 'Oh I thought it was this,' and grabbed me and kissed me — quite impressively, as it happened. I don't, as a rule, respond to cavemen tactics. But at least I knew he fancied me. I decided to teach him a lesson.

Quest: How?

Lawyer: I sat down on the bed and drew him over. Then, as he stood in front of me, I unzipped him, pulled out his penis and popped him straight in my mouth. He has a nice penis, very meaty; I don't think penises should be pretty.

Quest: Did he respond?

Lawyer: I'd have been very upset if he hadn't! He was very stiff very quickly. I'd toyed with the idea of just making him explode, but then I got slightly involved. We kissed again. He eased me back onto the bed, lay down with me, put his hand under my skirt and started fondling me, until I had to tell him to stop.

Quest: Weren't you enjoying it?

Lawyer: I was enjoying it too much. I sat up, and pushed my briefs and tights down together, while he dropped his trousers and pants, and launched himself into me. It wasn't very elegant, but it was glorious sex. I was surprised when I climaxed. It hadn't happened for a while with my boyfriend. I'd assumed it was overwork. The next morning Craig said, 'You better move in. Next weekend's a good time for me.' I told him not to make rash assumptions. In fact I moved in at the end of the month.

Quest: When did you have your first adventure?

Lawyer: Not for 18 months. It was actually an old boyfriend, very smooth, a bit of a shit, but sensational in bed. I met him at a friend's drinks party when Craig was in Scarborough on business. Chris had just come back from a holiday in Africa with some kind of tickling stick the locals used to drive their women mad, or so he said. It was stupid, really, just a little feather on a stick.

Quest: You saw it?

Lawyer: We went back to his place and he showed it to me. I took my pants off and lay face down on his bed, and he lifted my skirt and used it on me from behind.

Quest: In what way?

Lawyer: Brushing the feather round my parts, up and down my labia, teasing out my clitty — I think — all I knew was that it felt exquisite.

Quest: Did you climax?

Lawyer: I wanted to. I kept getting closer and closer, just missing it. After about ten minutes, Chris was panting fit to burst, so I turned to look at him and he was practically bursting out of his Y-fronts. It wasn't really fair to keep him hanging on. He rolled me over, I sat up and unzipped him, then he pushed me back, opened my legs and we screwed over the end of the bed with him leaning right into me.

Quest: Did you climax then?

Lawyer: What I'd always liked about Chris was how he'd start in a very subtle way, but when it came to the crunch he'd be quite crude — not just in terms of a good 'poke', but his language, too. He actually said things like, 'Oh Susannah (name changed), you've got the juiciest cunt — I love to feel my cock in it — I adore fucking you.'

Quest: And that excited you?

Lawyer: It *had* done. But it didn't do anything for me, then. I even ended up pretending to come as Chris let go in me, which seemed to negate the whole exercise. It was only as I was going home I realised I'd really wanted Craig to say those things to me, to feel him inside me. I hadn't felt like that since my teacher.

Quest: Did you tell Craig you'd slept with Chris?

Lawyer: Oh yes.

Quest: How did he react?

Lawyer: He didn't at first. Then he grinned and said, 'Thank God, I don't have to feel guilty about *my* little fling.' He told me there'd been a waitress at his hotel, a very pretty 19-year-old with what Craig described as 'a glorious figure.' Apparently she'd taken a shine to him. On his last day he'd finished early, met her in the street, and they'd gone for a walk along the clifftops. They'd settled in a quiet spot, and according to Craig, she'd just reached down, unzipped him and started giving him a blowjob. But before he'd come, he got her to take her knickers off, and they'd had what he called 'rather a pleasant al fresco fuck. We ought to try it ourselves.'

Quest: How did you react?

Lawyer: With horror! Not least, because this waitress was seven years younger than me. But I refused to get upset. Instead I asked him exactly what he'd done with the girl, not just to tell me, but to *show* me, too. So that's what we did, on our lounge carpet.

Quest: What exactly?

Lawyer: First I unzipped Craig, took out his penis and began to suck him. Then I asked him if his waitress had done it any differently. He said she'd only put the tip in her mouth, but she'd loved fondling his balls. So I took him right into the back of my throat *and* stroked his balls! Then I took my pants off and asked him if she'd been bushier or not. He said she'd had a mass of thick, black hair — apparently she'd had very Latin looks — and large, loose labia, the sort that always looked turned on. 'Oh,' I said, 'you had a close-up look, then?' 'Fair's fair,' said Craig. 'She'd gone down on me, after all. The least I could do was return the compliment.' So I asked if he'd made her come. 'She got quite worked up,' he said. 'But she seemed to want me inside her when she came, so I hopped aboard.'

Quest: Where were you both at this point?

Lawyer: I was lying down, next to Craig, holding his fingers against my pussy while he stroked me. My other hand was fondling his erection. I said, 'Show me how you did it with her,' and opened my legs. 'Very straightforwardly,' he said, moving on top of me, while I pulled his penis down to my opening. Then he began to ease it inside me — I was very moist, indeed. 'She seemed to enjoy it straight in and out,' he said, and started pumping. 'So she didn't do this?' I asked, reaching down and stroking his anus as he pushed right into me. 'No,' he grunted, 'but then I didn't almost pull right out and twiddle it about — like this — before ramming it all the way up again — like *this*!'

Quest: He was actually doing that?

Lawyer: Oh, yes. Extremely well, too. Pumping

I asked what he'd done with this pretty 19-year-old waitress. So he showed me. On our lounge carpet

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QUEST

hard and fast in quick little spurts, then long, deep strokes when I least expected it, everything I loved, in fact. I had to gasp, 'So she was a nice fuck, was she?' 'Very tight,' he said, 'but then she *was* 19.' I pinched him for that! 'And she made you come alright?' 'Not as nicely as you make me come,' he whispered. And I saw in his face that he'd started, and pushed down hard to bring myself off, just as he rubbed hard at my clitty, and we both exploded together.

Quest: So you'd coped with jealousy by sharing your adventures?

Lawyer: Yes, and no. As we cuddled afterwards, Craig said, 'Actually, the girl wasn't that marvellous. I only did it to prove my independence. I'd much rather have done it with you.' So I said, 'How odd, I felt the same!' I've been tempted since, but things have gone on getting better and better. Three whole years. We're even planning to get married. It's frightening, really!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 26 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Coventry
Other details. . . . This interviewee works in the planning department of a local authority and shares a house with three others.

Quest: Why do you think Sheila behaved so strangely with you?

Planning officer: I used to think I gave her the chance to try out some kinks she'd always fancied, and her husband hadn't — which I still think is true. But, from what other women have told me since, I think, basically, that she wanted to be punished.

Quest: For cheating on her husband with a younger lover?

Planning officer: Yes. Why else would she be so keen on being tied up and smacked? All I did was make her botty glow a bit, and that was an effort, because it didn't really do anything for me. But *she* could have done with a lot more than that.

Quest: How did you meet?

Planning officer: At work. She was a secretary in the office down the hall. All the fellows in my department fancied her. She was a well-rounded redhead, coming up to 30, but not going off at that age, like some women do. 'Too juicy for that,' as one of my work mates put it. Very womanly, but quite moody, too. Apparently she wasn't very happily married. I found out from another secretary I knew that her husband had moved in with some 20-year-old about six months before, but it hadn't worked out, so he'd come back to see it they could make a go of things. Luckily there weren't any kids. I couldn't imagine anyone walking out on a woman like that.

Quest: Did you plan to seduce her?

Planning officer: I had plenty of fantasies about it! But I had my hands full getting 22-year-olds into bed. Then, one Saturday evening, I was driving through the town centre in the rain, and saw Sheila with a shopping bag, trying to hail a taxi. So I stopped. It took about five minutes to convince her I wasn't a kerb crawler. She'd rushed out to get some special kind of muesli bar you could only get in one local shop. I asked if it was for her husband, and she laughed. 'It's to make *me* feel beter,' she said. 'He can look after himself.' When we got to her house, she asked me in for a coffee, but she'd already mentioned her husband was in, so I said I had a date. After that we chatted more and more at work, though it was difficult with my workmates making ribald remarks. Then she mentioned taking sandwiches to a nearby park, so next lunchtime I turned up there with my own, and some of her favourite muesli bars. We started having lunch together a couple of times a week.

'She took my hand and slapped it against her bottom, which wobbled deliciously. 'Don't stop,' she said'

Quest: Did you suspect that she was seducing you?

Planning officer: It wasn't like any seduction I knew. I was used to grappling on sofas, trying to slip my fingers under girls' tights. But she told me much more than girlfriends usually did — how her husband couldn't make up his mind who he wanted, how their sex life had virtually stopped. Then one day I was talking about a trip I'd planned with a mate on the Sunday — hiking, or something — which had been cancelled, and she said, 'Don't mope around on your own all day. Have some lunch with us.' The last thing I wanted to do — acting as referee in Sheila's marital battles! She reminded me about three times before the weekend, until I promised I'd go, deciding I'd only stay an hour or two at the most. When I finally arrived, there was no sign of hubby.

Quest: Where was he?

Planning officer: Visiting his mother in Birmingham, Sheila said, though she obviously thought he was with his girlfriend. So we sat down for lunch, with some wine I'd brought, had a very pleasant conversation, then washed up. She was at the sink, washing; I was standing by the work surface to one side, wiping. Every time she turned to give me a plate her hip would touch me. When I leaned past her to pick up something from the drainer, she only moved about an inch to let me pass — not awkwardly; she just seemed to like me being that close. Once or twice she turned towards me, as I did it, so that her boobs brushed against my chest.

Quest: What was she wearing?

Planning officer: A summery skirt, and a greeny sort of top. She'd never been especially 'touchy' at work — I'd deliberately avoided acting as if I wanted to grope her (even though I was aching to!) Having her close, smelling her scent, became quite a strain. In fact, I started to get a hard-on, which meant I couldn't move away from the work surface. We got right to the end, then she turned and faced me, smiling, and I could have sworn she knew what effect she'd had on me. She said, 'Are you fit then?' I didn't know what to say, I couldn't move, but she didn't move, either, so I bent my head and kissed her.

Quest: And she responded?

Planning officer: Her mouth came up at the right angle, her eyes closed, her arms came round me — as if we'd been doing it for ages. Of course, as soon as our bodies came together she felt my erection, but she just pushed herself tighter against me. When we came up for air, she was grinning. 'You don't want to go walking around like that,' she said, looking down. 'You'll give a lot of women ideas.' I laughed and we kissed again, but this time I brought my hand up onto her boob. At first she pushed it into my palm, and I could feel her nipple rise through her bra. Then she pulled her head back, quite flushed, and said, 'Let's make ourselves more comfortable.' She took my hand and led me upstairs.

Quest: And made love?

Planning officer: She was quite businesslike about it. We went into the main bedroom, and she pulled the curtains, and started to get undressed. I was surprised we were using the marital bed. 'Oh don't be silly,' she said. 'I'm not rolling about on a camp bed in the spare.' So I turned my back, and tugged off my things. When I looked back, she was in bed, so I jumped in beside her, and we did it.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Planning officer: I loved it. She was a bit overweight, but a beautiful shape; lovely, round, squashy boobs — 38C she told me later — very broad hips, with a big, round, fleshy bum, and thick, bristly pubes in a gingery colour — I'd never seen any like that before. I just wanted to stroke her boobs and her pussy, and lick her all over all at once. I ended up getting inside her as soon as I could before I exploded. She didn't mind; she was very wet, and she was virtually pulling me on top of her, taking hold of my erection and guiding it straight into the right place. 'Come on,' she said. 'Push — push —' Squeezing my bum as if she couldn't get enough of me. She felt unbelievable. I lasted about four strokes, but, as I spurted, she just clutched me very tight, and gasped, 'Yes — yes — fill me up — let me have it all — that's it — every last drop —' Then the weird stuff started.

Quest: Weird in what way?

Planning officer: After we'd actually done it,

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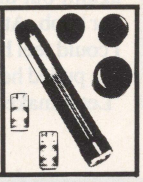

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QUEST

she got much more open, which happens with most women — getting out of bed to fetch some water from the bathroom, so I could see her naked. Then throwing back the sheet so she could have a close look at my 'lovely *thing*.' She'd never been that playful before. She even started licking the tip, but I was completely knackered. Then she lay down on her stomach next to me, grinned, took hold of my hand, and slapped it against her bottom, which wobbled deliciously. 'Go on,' she said. 'You have a go.' I really didn't know what she was on about. But I sat up, lifted my palm and slapped it against one cheek. She giggled, almost as if she was embarrassed. 'You can do it harder than that,' She said. So I did. This time her flesh went pink. 'Don't stop,' she said. 'You won't hurt me.' So I made the next one a real stinger. She gave a giant shudder, and practically leapt off the bed. I was terrified I actually had hurt her. 'It's alright,' she said, breathlessly. 'It's just getting me warmed up, that's all.' Then she was turning toward me, her hand slipping down between my legs and gently wanking me. In fact, I'd got quite stiff in the meantime. We started kissing and cuddling, more and more passionately. I went to clamber aboard again, but, as she rolled onto her back, she winced. So she turned over onto all fours, and I fucked her doggy fashion, building up a much bigger head of steam this time — though I couldn't help noticing a very obvious hand print on her right buttock.

Quest: Did you make her climax?

Planning officer: She put up a pretty fair imitation if I didn't. Afterwards she grinned and asked me to guess what her ultimate fantasy was. I'd no idea. 'Being spanked as I'm taken from behind,' she said.

Quest: So how long did the relationship last altogether?

Planning officer: Three months. As a person, I liked her, and her body was gorgeous. I thought the spanking bit was very sophisticated, but not really my taste, though I did it to please her. She also had a thing about being tied to the bed, spreadeagled — on her back or front — and then being 'ravished', as she put it, while she'd struggle and strain to try and stop me. To be honest, I found it too much like hard work!

Quest: Did she ever achieve her ultimate fantasy?

Planning officer: Not the way she wanted — *you* try pumping away and slapping at the same time! What we did do was having her curl up on all fours with my cock in her mouth, and, as she sucked me, I stretched down and slapped her bum, or as much of it as I could reach. She managed to come off like that. But by then I was pretty fed up with the whole spanking thing, anyway. Then one evening she rang me up, and said her husband had asked her to move away with him to a new job down south. She said he'd learned his lesson about playing around, and she couldn't see me any more. Perhaps he'd developed a better backhand, or the whole thing had just been a ploy to make him jealous. I never did find out. But I don't regret any of it.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . . Female
Age. . . . 23 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Cardiff
Other details. . . . This dark-haired interviewee trained as a librarian and now works in a public library in the south of England. She shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Do you disapprove of jealousy?

Librarian: Yes, despite the fact that it helped me enormously.

Quest: You're talking about you and Philip?

Librarian: I don't think we would have got together without it.

Quest: Even though he worked with you?

Librarian: Sometimes you don't see what's right under you nose. Philip's as reserved as I am. I always thought he was very nice. A few times I even thought he fancied me. But he never did anything about it, so I didn't take him seriously.

Quest: Unlike Colin?

Librarian: I didn't take Colin seriously, either. But that was mainly because I was afraid of him.

Quest: Why?

Librarian: I thought he was to glamorous for me! It sounds silly, but he was in a local band, which started to do quite well. They made an album for a fairly small label. Colin was the lead singer, the 'pretty' one in the band, small and dark with gypsy sort of looks. He had quite a following locally. But the album didn't really do anything. Colin started coming into the reference library for the music papers, looking for a job, basically. And, I suppose, he chatted me up.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Librarian: Yes, I did, though I wasn't sure if it was just because of his image. Then, right out the blue, he asked me out.

Quest: Did you accept?

Librarian: Not at first. I thought he was joking! I don't think I'm unattractive, but I couldn't really believe he was interested in me. I said I'd think about it. Philip was on the other side of the desk when he asked. I think Colin assumed he and I had something going. But, when I told a girlfriend of mine, she said I was an idiot not to have accepted straightaway. I still didn't think he'd ask again, but the next time he was in, he did. So I accepted.

Quest: What happened?

Librarian: We went out to dinner, on to a club where he seemed to know everybody, then back to his place for coffee. There was only room for two on the living room sofa. We had some wine, then he kissed me, and we started to slide down, while his hand began to fondle my boob and unbutton my blouse.

Quest: You didn't object?

Librarian: He was going a lot faster than I was used to, but that was part of the attraction, and I can't deny I was flattered he wanted to touch me. I did call a halt, though, when he started to unclip

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QUEST

my bra. I said I didn't mind him touching me through it. He said fine, and seemed quite happy. We kissed again, but his fingers kept squeezing round the sides of my cups until he was touching my nipples anyway. Eventually the bra just sort of sloughed off, and ended up round my neck somewhere. By then, he had his hand up my skirt, *and* inside my tights.

Quest: How far did you intend to go?

Librarian: I was just trying to hold my own. I don't like going to bed with people on a first date — I think it makes it very hard to judge what you really feel about them. But, by this time, Colin was gripping my knickers and seemed to be working the gusset backwards and forwards along my crack. I didn't know what it was still covering, but the pressure on my private parts, especially my clitoris, was extraordinary. It was getting harder and harder to tell him to stop.

Quest: How were you positioned now?

Librarian: Lying on the carpet. Then Colin seemed to lose patience, and sat up. But he was pulling off his trousers and pants. He lay back next to me, and I felt his erection against my thigh, and knew he wouldn't wait any longer. He was saying, 'It's alright, love — its alright, baby —' opening my legs, and rolling over me. I kept saying, rather pathetically, 'No — I don't think we should — please —' Knowing I still had my knickers on, I thought he couldn't do it. But, of course, he just pushed my gusset to one side, and suddenly he was sliding into me, filling me, and moving in and out. My heart was thundering, and my feelings just swamped me. He was still murmuring, 'It's alright — it's alright —' when he came. Then, afterwards, I was terrified I'd never see him again.

Quest: Did you?

Librarian: Not so much in the library. I asked him why. He said, 'That fellow you work with, with the glasses — he always looks daggers at me. Does he fancy you, or something?' He meant Philip, but the idea of him fancying me made me laugh. Colin and I went out regularly for nearly two months — I even started getting into the local music scene. Then the band got the chance of a contract with a new record company, and they went off to London to talk about it. I didn't hear a thing for a fortnight. Then, really by chance, one of Colin's friends told me they were due back the next day. I kept ringing Colin. Eventually, quite late, I went round.

Quest: Go on.

Librarian: The band's van was outside. Colin and the others were in the flat, drinking, with a girl I didn't know. Quite pretty, in a tarty sort of way. Colin apologised for not calling me, but he said they'd been really busy, and in fact were thinking seriously of moving to London. That was the first blow. The second was the others said they were moving off, but the girl stayed. I'd assumed she was with one of them. She wasn't; she was with Colin. Then he took me aside, and told me it was a bit of a delicate situation. She was an old girlfriend he'd offered to help out, but she'd only be staying a couple of nights. Then the girl chimed out from the kitchen, 'I hope that mattress of yours is soft, Col. I do like to *sleep* in bed occasionally.' So I snapped, 'She sounds very delicate to me. Don't bother to phone,' and stormed off.

Quest: Did he phone?

Librarian: A week later. All he said was they were planning a farewell gig, he'd like me to go along, and he hoped we'd part friends. At first I was going to ignore it. Then I thought, why make it so easy for him? He'd always suspected Philip and I had something going. I'd turn up with Phil and make him think he was right. So I asked Philip to go with me.

Quest: And he accepted?

Librarian: Yes, even though he was even less interested in rock music than I'd been, and, of course, I didn't tell why I wanted him with me. The band was playing in a fairly grotty basement club, very crowded. We managed to squeeze up the front before Colin came on. Even then it took him ten minutes to spot me. He waved. I waved back, and immediately flung my arms round Philip, kissed him on the cheek and told him to hug me. His face was a treat! I'm sure it didn't fool anybody, but he did it. Two minutes later I told him I needed some fresh air, and we left. I'm surprised Philip didn't tell me to push off.

Quest: What did he do?

Librarian: He said it was about time I told him what was going on, so we went to a pub, and I did. I started off being defensive and apologetic, because I didn't want to sound silly. I ended up telling him everything. He was lovely about it. It was like seeing a whole new side to him. We talked until they threw us out. Neither of us had eaten, so we brought takeaways back to my flat. When we'd finished it was nearly two in the morning. Philip had a good hour's walk home, so I offered to put him up. We ended up sharing my bed, which was a double, just as friends.

Librarian: For how long?

Quest: Not very! When I'd put the light out, he leaned over, and said he thought he deserved a goodnight kiss. I said that was fair, but, when we'd kissed, he put his hand on my waist and started to move it up — I was wearing a big tee-shirt with pants on underneath; he just had his pants on. I stopped him, and said I thought he ought to think twice about getting involved with shop-soiled goods. He said that was nonsense — he'd fancied me ever since I'd arrived, and assumed I always went out with characters like Colin, and he didn't stand a chance. He still couldn't believe he was actually so close to me. So I took his hand, pushed it under my tee-shirt and put it over my bare breast, and said, 'Now do you believe it?' That's how we first made love.'

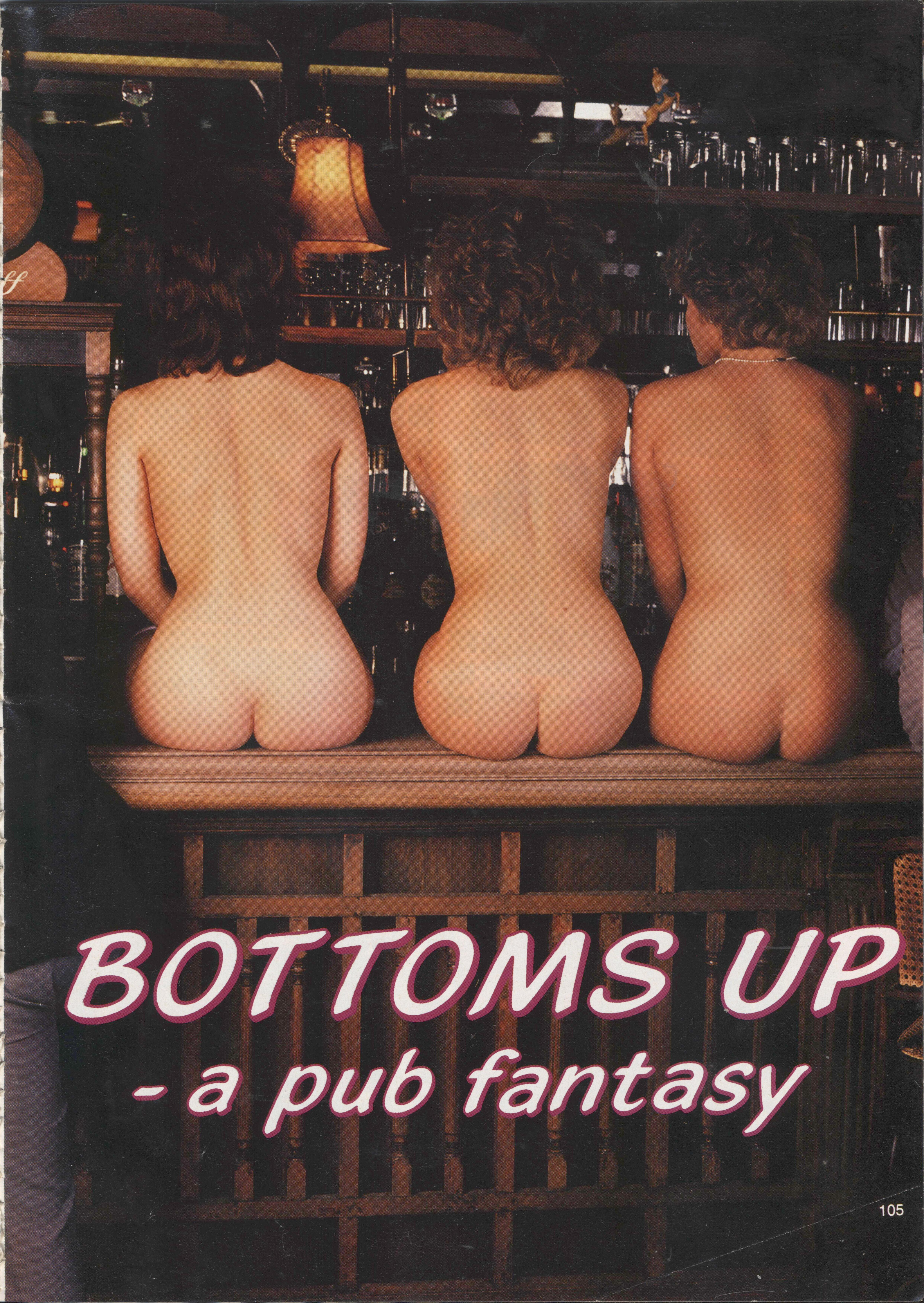
Quest: Enjoyably?

Librarian: It was wonderful. Much more loving and considerate than Colin had been, but still exciting. I took my pants off, and sat up so he could pull my tee-shirt over my head. Then he kissed and caressed my breasts, and stroked me very gently between my thighs, though I was already pretty damp. Then I opened my legs, and he came inside me. Even then he tried to hold himself back, and give me nice, long, deep strokes so I could really feel all of him. But, after a few of these, I could feel him getting more and more excited, pushing faster and harder, which got me more excited, so I pushed myself down on him. It ended up like a race, both of us charging for the same climax. Then he groaned, I felt him twitch and come inside me, and that set me off.

Quest: And your jealousy?

Librarian: Yes, that's not a problem with Philip. It better not be, because we're buying a flat together.

Quest: Thank you.



BOTTOMS UP
- a pub fantasy

It's a girls' night out, and the drinks are flowing.

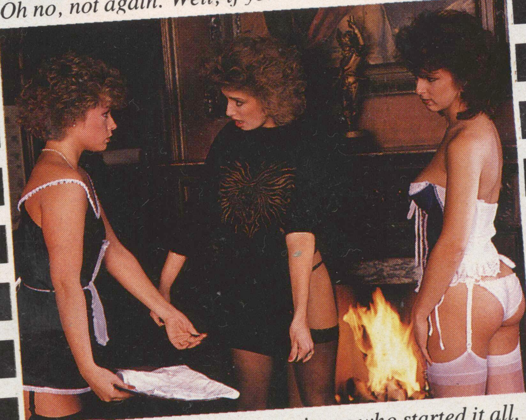
Oops, accidents will happen when you are having fun.

So off comes the dress before it's too late to clean.

After all, why hide such a delightfully sexy figure.

But it's back to the drinking, the night's still young.

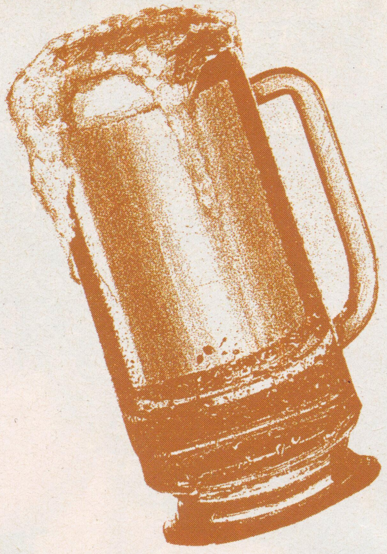
Oh no, not again. Well, if you can't beat em, join em.



Now here's the naughty waitress who started it all.

So girls, why not give her a taste of her own medicine.

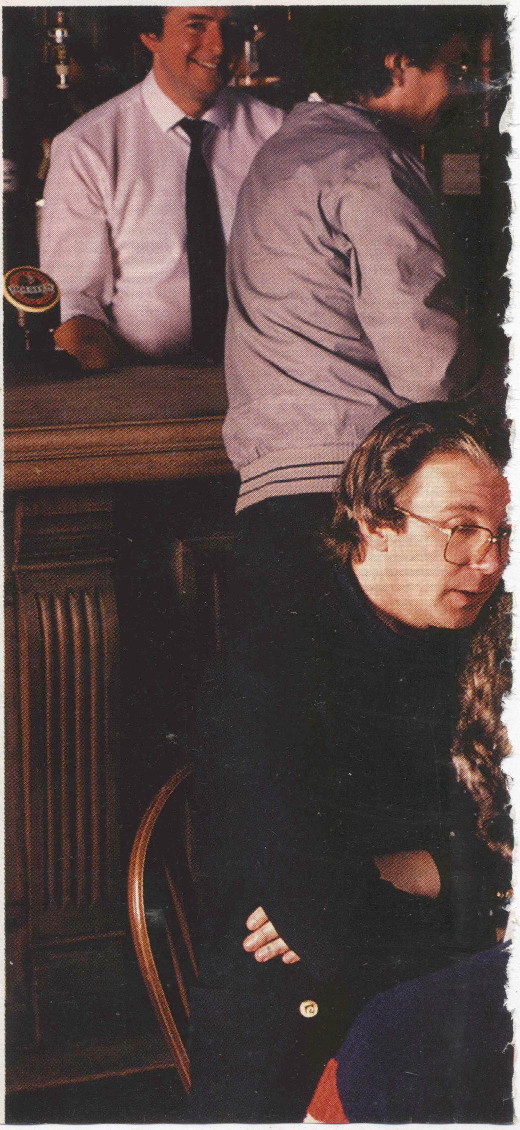
After the waitress gets a good un-dressing down, they're friends again. 'Barman, three Naked Ladies please, stirred but definitely not shaken.'



The girls might raise a few eyebrows in the saloon bar. But not here, it must be the pubic bar.

Time for another round girls. A few looseners later the sexy scenario begins to get a little cheeky.

Even a dull accountant would admire this bottom-line



The night's in full swing, and it's cheers to everybody as the drinks are downed. Sorry chaps, it's hands off, the girls are only out for a laugh.

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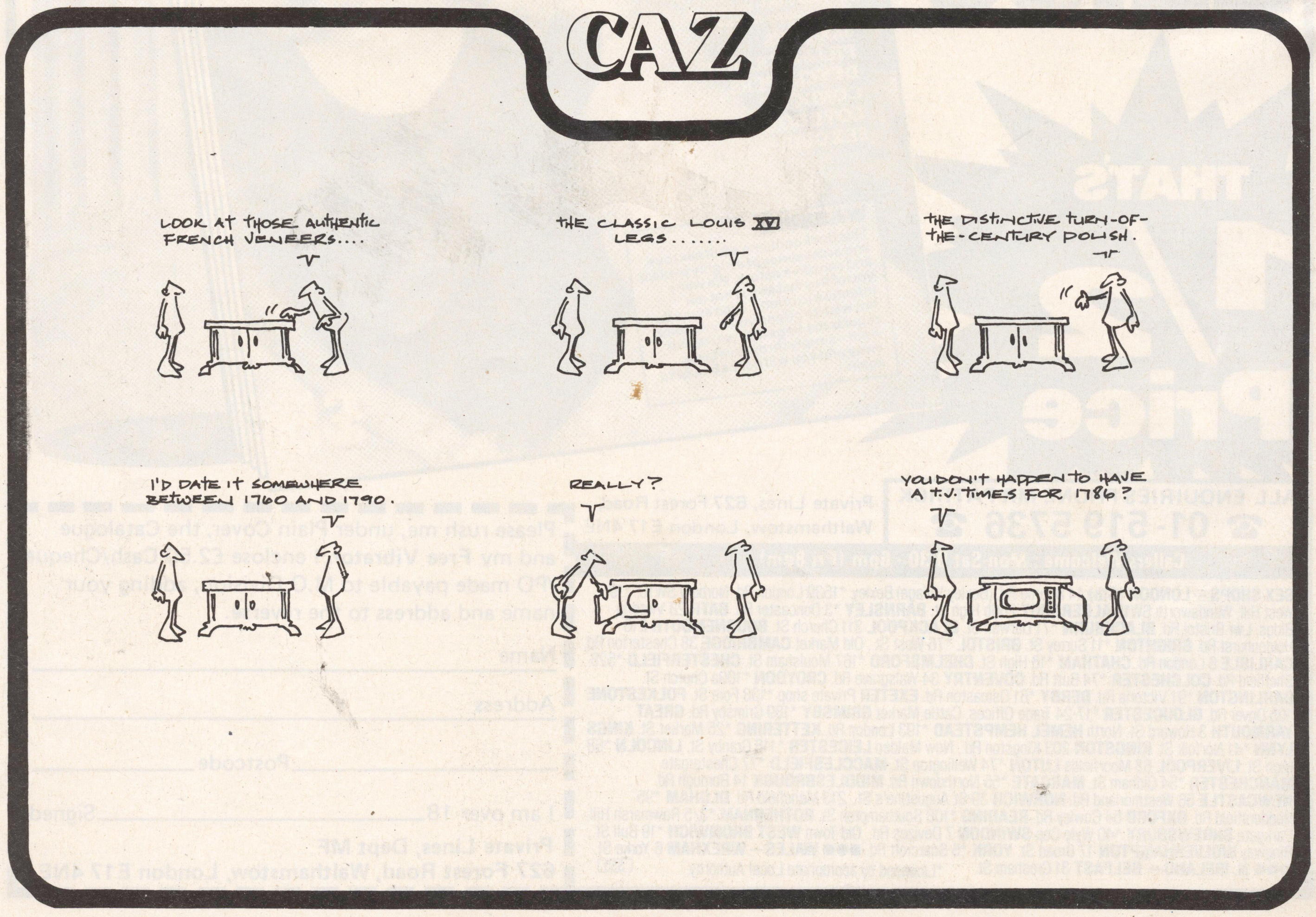
LETTERS

continued from page 8
their direction. With a sudden jolt I realised that the first girl's legs were now wide open. Not only that but, dark as it was, it looked as if the other girl was now massaging her friend's crotch.
I stared at the two, hardly able to believe what I was seeing. Dave and Kev soon traced the source of my fascination and the looks on their faces told me I wasn't imagining it.
By now, the taller of the two girls had pulled the slighter one's panties to one side and seemed to have a couple of fingers up inside her. I know it's a cliché, but I nearly came on the spot.
This carried on for quite some time and we were all getting quite aroused. In our excitement we hadn't noticed that everybody except ourselves, a couple snogging in the other corner and the two girls, had now left.
The two girls had now changed round, with the taller on the receiving end of the treatment she had been administering to her friend.
She seemed to be getting considerably more worked up about it than her mate had. Her legs were getting wider and wider apart as she urged the other girl to continue her efforts.
The three of us said nothing, our drinks forgotten, as we watched the leggy German get a really good finger job in this all but deserted club.
It was all getting too much for her and she lay back on the leather-look bench seat the two of them shared.
In one deft move, the smaller one whipped her mate's pants straight off and went down on her.
Even the couple snogging on the other side of the room now realised something seriously pervy was going down. The girl broke off from her boyfriend and dragged him over to where we were sitting. Embarassed, Kev struggled to hide his obvious erection.
The girl looked disappointed: 'No, don't hide it,' she said. She sat down next to me, pulling her boyfriend in her wake. Pretty soon, both she and her boyfriend seemed as turned on by the lesbian antics in the corner as we were.
While my attention had been distracted, the small one had released her mate's tits from the restraints of her dress and bra, and was licking them for all she was worth. She started with her friend's erect nipples and worked her round the whole of her breast.
The larger one was responding by pushing her mate's short skirt up over her thighs and giving us all quite an eyeful
The girl sitting next to me didn't know where to look first — her eyes darting between the two birds on the other side of the room, and our trousers which were being well-inflated.
The girl then turned to me: 'Don't you need a hand or are you too shy?' she said. Then her hands gripped the bulge in my trousers and started to stroke me. I glanced at her boyfriend but he just smiled, not seeming to be bothered by this at all.
It was a good job the manager couldn't see all this I thought. Almost on cue the manager came round the corner. My heart stopped. Now considering the usual German attitude to squaddies, I thought we'd probably all end up in the nick. But he didn't seem bothered at all. 'Are you enjoying yourself people? It's nice to see that my girls have done their work good tonight,' he said in his broken English.
I couldn't believe it — the two lesbians were all part of some floor show he'd arranged for our benefit. He called the two girls over and introduced them to his 'valued customers' as Daniella and Belinda. The two were still in various stages of undress and the tall one, Daniella, still had a boob hanging out of her black silk dress.
The Manager said we were all welcome to enjoy ourselves as it was all paid for.
Needless to say the action the dance floor saw that night was unlike anything it had seen before or, I imagine, since.
NH Colwyn Bay

English rose

G'day from down under. I have been an avid reader of *Mayfair* for more years than I would care to admit.
I congratulate you on the ladies portrayed in your magazine, but *Vol 23 No 9* floored me. Cheryl Oakwood is an unbelievable example of the motherland's best. Has she ever thought of emigrating? Cheryl could convince me to return to my ancestors homeland any time.
How can I obtain additional photographs?
I pledge allegiance to the Queen, anything!
TL, Adelaide, Australia



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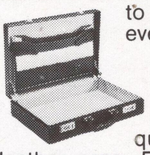

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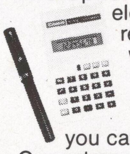

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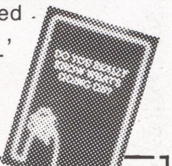

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